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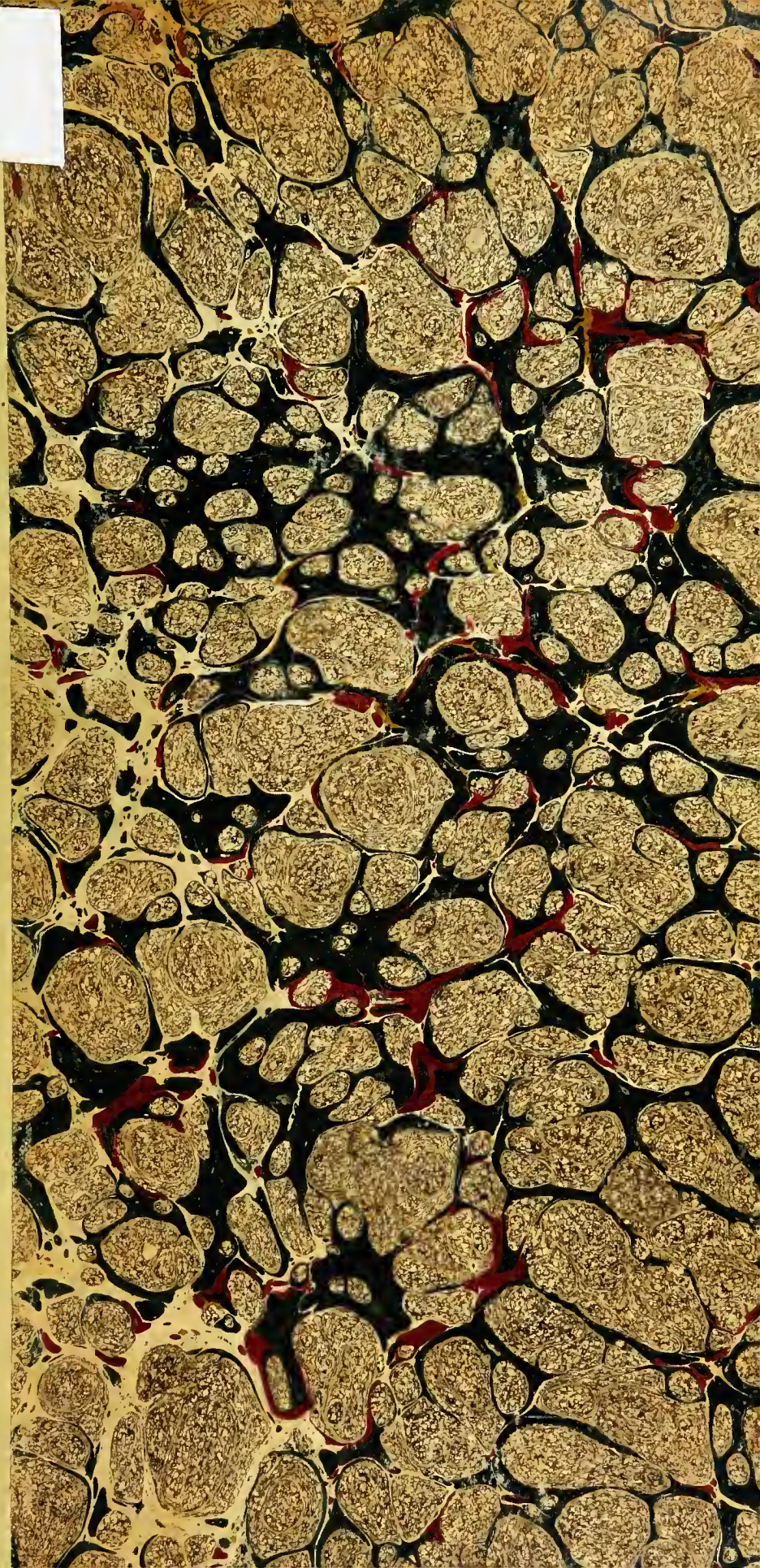

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A PAIR OF GOLDFINCHES

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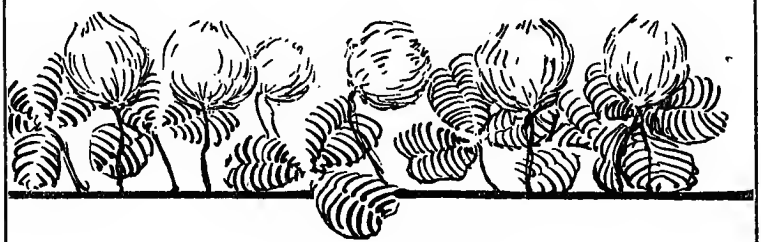

SELECTIONS FOR

# ARBOR AND BIRD DAY

FOR USE IN WISCONSIN SCHOOLS

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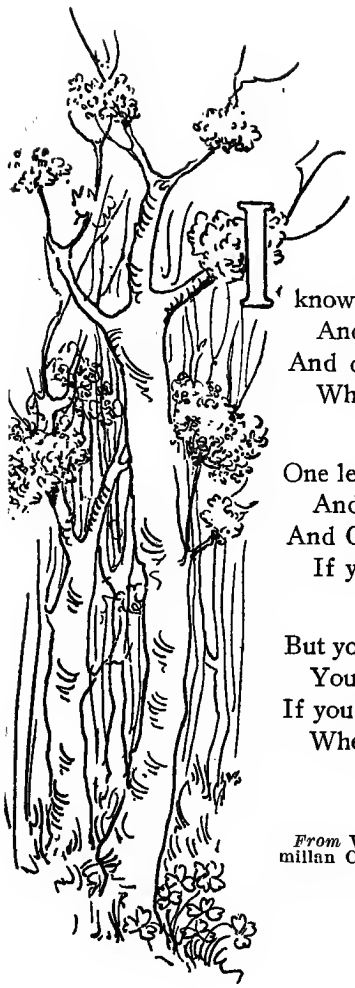
*The designs for general makeup were done by Miss Maud Wilson, Chicago, Ill.*

## FOREWORD.

This annual is a simple compilation of poetry and prose which seem most suitable for Arbor and Bird Day exercises. Care has been taken to include selections which represent that which is ranked highest and best in literature, which will make the child feel the poetry in nature, and which will bring that uplift of soul and sense and fancy which is one of the underlying purposes of Arbor and Bird Day observance. Many of the selections, some comparatively new, some quite old, have become children's classics. They cannot be too well memorized nor too often repeated.

All articles dealing with subjects more exhaustively treated in bulletins and pamphlets issued by the national and state governments, and all data of vague value have been omitted. A bulletin, *Tree planting in rural school grounds,* issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and two bulletins issued by the University of Wisconsin, one, *Trees and shrubs for shade and ornament,* the other, *The improvement of home grounds,* will be sent to the County Superintendents for distribution, so that each teacher should receive an Arbor and Bird Day Annual and three bulletins. These bulletins are scientific and practical and will furnish interesting material for class work in agriculture. It is hoped that they will be read, not only by teachers and older pupils, but by many of the parents as well. They should be kept in the school libraries for reference.

The large amount of work which will be required of the state printer during the first few months of the legislative session makes it necessary to go to press before the date for Arbor and Bird Day can be fixed. The Governor's proclamation naming the day will appear in the newspapers.



## FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

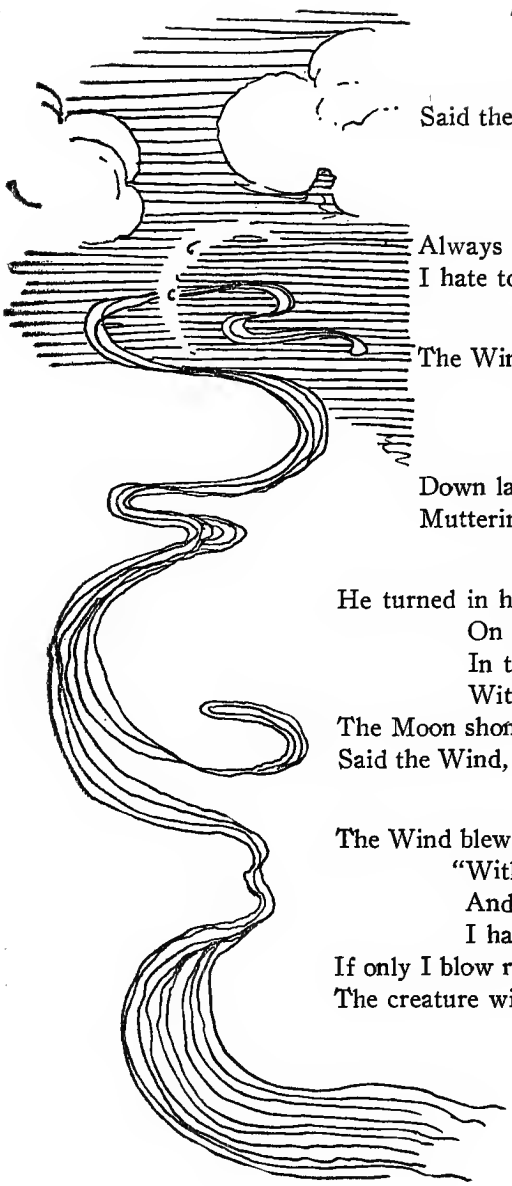
I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love you know,
And God put another in for luck—
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong—and so—
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—*Ella Higginson.*

*From* When the birds go North again; copyright 1898, by the Macmillan Co.



## THE WIND AND THE MOON.

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge,
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread."

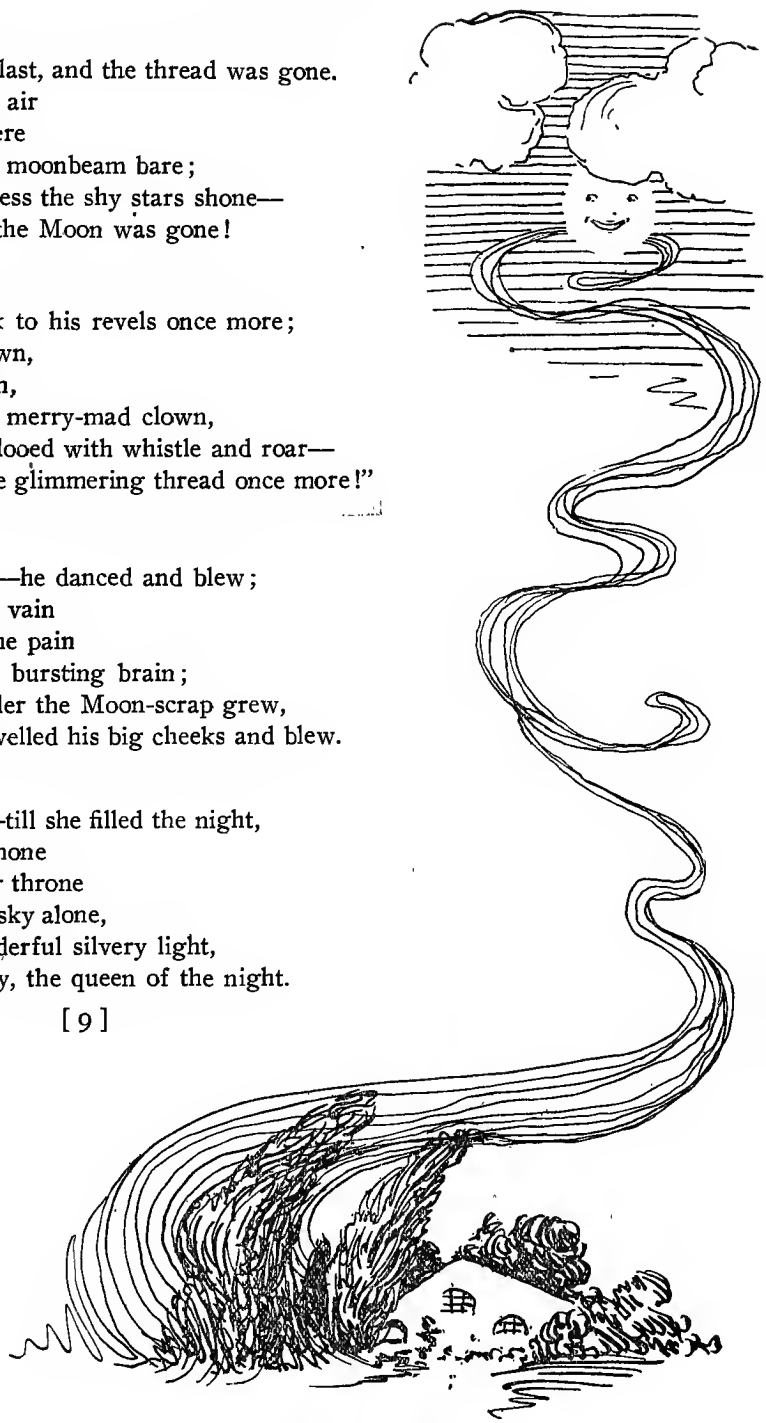
He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone—
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar—
"What's that? The glimmering thread once more!"

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.





Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

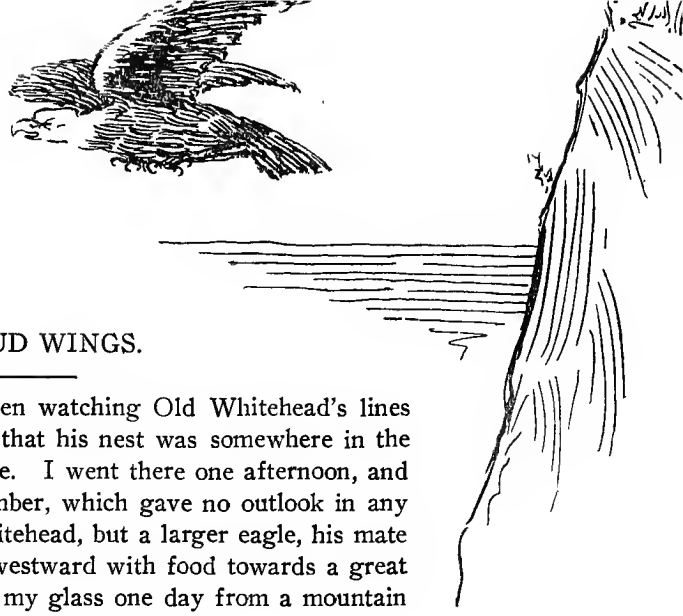
—*George MacDonald.*

## THE BEE AND THE FLOWER.

The bee buzz'd up in the heat.
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear.
For now is the spring of the year.
So come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.

And the bee buzz'd up in the cold
When the flower was wither'd and old.
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said, "It's the fall of the year,
But come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzz'd off in the cold.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*



## CLOUD WINGS.

For several days I had been watching Old Whitehead's lines of flight, and had concluded that his nest was somewhere in the hills northwest of the big lake. I went there one afternoon, and while confused in the big timber, which gave no outlook in any direction, I saw, not Old Whitehead, but a larger eagle, his mate undoubtedly, flying straight westward with food towards a great cliff, that I had noticed with my glass one day from a mountain on the other side of the lake.

When I went there, early next morning, it was Cheplahgan himself who showed me where his nest was. I was hunting along the foot of the cliff when, glancing back towards the lake, I saw him coming far away, and hid in the underbrush. He passed very near, and following, I saw him standing on a ledge near the top of the cliff. Just below him, in the top of a stunted tree growing out of the face of the rock, was a huge mass of sticks that formed the nest, with a great mother-eagle standing by, feeding the little ones. Both birds started away silently when I appeared, but came back soon and swept back and forth over me, as I sat watching the nest and the face of the cliff through my glass. No need now of caution. Both birds seemed to know instinctively why I had come, and that the fate of the eaglets lay in my hands if I could but scale the cliff.

It was scaring business, that three-hundred-foot climb up the sheer face of the mountain. Fortunately the rock was seamed and scarred with the wear of centuries; bushes and stunted trees grew out of countless crevices which gave me sure footing, and sometimes a lift of a dozen feet or more on my way up. As I climbed, the eagles circled lower and lower; the strong rustling of their wings was about my head continually; they seemed to grow larger, fiercer, every moment, as my hold grew more precarious, and the earth and the pointed tree-tops dropped farther below. There was a good revolver in my pocket, to use in case

of necessity; but had the great birds attacked me I should have fared badly, for at times I was obliged to grip hard with both hands, my face to the cliff, leaving the eagles free to strike from above and behind. I think now that had I shown fear in such a place, or shouted, or tried to fray them away, they would have swooped upon me, wing and claw, like furies. I could see it in their fierce eyes as I looked up. But the thought of the times when I had hunted him, and especially the thought of that time when I had reached out of the bushes and touched him, was upon Old Whitehead and made him fear. So I kept steadily on my way, apparently giving no thought to the eagles, though deep inside I was anxious enough, and reached the foot of the tree in which the nest was made.

I stood there a long time, my arm clasping the twisted old boll, looking out over the forest spread wide below, partly to regain courage, partly to reassure the eagles, which were circling very near with a kind of intense wonder in their eyes, but chiefly to make up my mind what to do next. The tree was easy to climb, but the nest—a huge affair, which had been added to year after year—filled the whole tree-top, and I could gain no foothold from which to look over and see the eaglets, without tearing the nest to pieces. I did not want to do that, and I doubted whether the mother-eagle would stand it. A dozen times she seemed on the point of dropping on my head to tear it with her talons; but always she veered off as I looked up quietly, and Old Whitehead swept between her and me and seemed to say, "Wait, wait. I don't understand; but he can kill us if he will—and the little ones are in his power." Now he was closer to me than ever, and the fear was vanishing. But so also was the fierceness.

From the foot of the tree the crevice in which it grew led upwards to the right, then doubled back to the ledge above the nest, upon which Cheplahgan was standing when I discovered him. The lip of this crevice made a dizzy path that one might follow by moving crabwise, his face to the cliff, with only its roughness to cling to with his fingers. I tried it at last, crept up and out twenty feet, and back ten, and dropped with a great breath of relief to a broad ledge covered with bones and fish scales, the

relics of many a savage feast. Below me, almost within reach, was the nest, with two dark, scraggly young birds resting on twigs and grass, with fish, flesh and fowl in a gory, skinny, scaly ring about them—the most savage-looking household into which I ever looked unbidden.

But even as I looked and wondered, and tried to make out what other game had been furnished the young savages, a strange thing happened, which touched me as few things ever have among the wild creatures. The eagles had followed me close along the last edge of rock, hoping no doubt in their wild hearts that I would slip, and end their troubles, and give my body as food to the young. Now, as I sat on the ledge, peering eagerly into the nest, the great mother-bird left me and hovered over her eaglets, as if to shield them with her wings from even the sight of my eyes. But Old Whitehead still circled over me. Lower he came, and lower, till with a supreme effort of daring he folded his wings and dropped to the ledge beside me, within ten feet, and turned and looked into my eyes. "See," he seemed to say, "we are within reach again. You touched me once; I don't know how or why. Here I am now, to touch or to kill, as you will; only spare the little ones."

A moment later the mother-bird dropped to the edge of the nest. And there we sat, we three, with the wonder upon us all, the young eagles at our feet, the cliff above, and, three hundred feet below, the spruce tops of the wilderness reaching out and away to the mountains beyond the big lake.

I sat perfectly still, which is the only way to reassure a wild creature; and soon I thought Cheplahgan had lost his fear in his anxiety for the little ones. But the moment I rose to go he was in the air again, circling restlessly above my head with his mate, the same wild fierceness in his eyes as he looked down. A half-hour later I had gained the top of the cliff and started eastward towards the lake, coming down by a much easier way than that by which I went up. Later I returned several times, and from a distance watched the eaglets being fed. But I never climbed to the nest again. —*William J. Long.*

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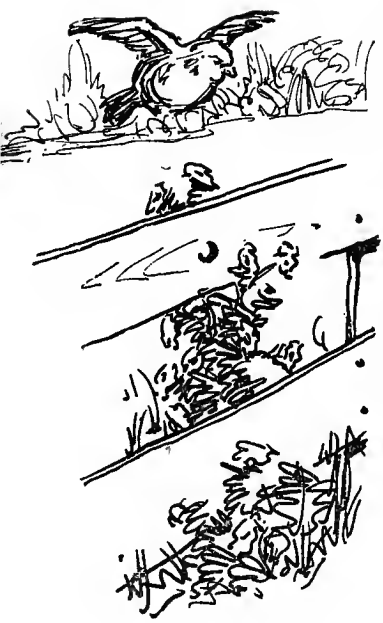
## THE SONG-SPARROW.



There is a bird I know so well,
  It seems as if he must have sung
  Beside my crib when I was young;
Before I knew the way to spell
  The name of even the smallest bird,
  His gentle, joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is, that every year,
Sings "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very- merry cheer."

He comes in March when winds are strong,
  And snow returns to hide the earth;
  But still he warms his head with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
  While flowers fade and every day
  Repeats his sweet, contented lay;
As if to say we need not fear
The season's change, if love is here,
With "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

He does not wear a Joseph's coat
  Of many colors smart and gay;
  His suit is quaker brown and gray,
With darker patches at his throat.
  And yet of all the well dressed throng,
  Not one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing to hear
His "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

*From* Little Rivers; copyright 1895, by Chas. Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the publishers.

(Recitation for a tiny girl. Three other children stand near—as the trees—laughing, whispering, telling secrets, clapping hands, etc., in pretty pantomime.)

Way out in the orchard, in sunshine and breeze,
A-laughing and whispering, grew three little trees.

And one was a plum tree, and one was a pear,
And one was a rosy-cheeked apple tree rare.

A dear little secret, as sweet as could be,
The breeze told, one day, to the glad apple tree.

She rustled her little green leaves all about,
And smiled at the plum, and the secret was out.

The plum told, in whispers, the pear by the gate,
And she told it to me, so you see it came straight.

The breeze told the apple, the apple the plum,
The plum told the pear, "Robin Readbreast has come!"

And out in the orchard they danced in the breeze,
And clapped their hands softly, these three little trees!

—*Journal of Western Canada.*

## THE OAK..

The monarch *oak,* the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots slowly up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state, and in three more decays.

—*Dryden.*

## SPRING.

A little bit of blowing,
  A little bit of snow,
A little bit of growing,
  And crocuses will show.
On every twig that's lonely a new green leaf will spring;
On every patient tree-top a thrush will stop and sing.

A little bit of sleeting,
  A little bit of rain,
The blue, blue sky for greeting,
  A snowdrop come again.
And every frozen hillside its gift of grass will bring,
And every day of winter another day of spring.

—*Carolyn S. Bailey.*

*From* St. Nicholas. Used by permission of The Century Co.

## HIS TRAVELS.

Most of our birds take two long journeys every year, one in the fall to the south, and the other in the spring back to the north. These journeys are called "migrations."

The birds do not go all at once, but in many cases those of a kind who live near each other collect in a flock and travel together. Each species or kind has its own time to go.

It might be thought that it is because of the cold that so many birds move to a warmer climate. But it is not so; they are very well dressed to endure cold. Their feather suits are so warm that some of our smallest and weakest birds are able to stay with us, like the chickadee and the golden-crowned kinglet. It is simply because they cannot get food in winter, that they have to go.

The fall travel begins soon after the first of July. The bobolink is one of the first to leave us, though he does not start at once on his long journey. By that time his little folks are full grown, and can take care of themselves, and he is getting on his winter suit, or moulting.

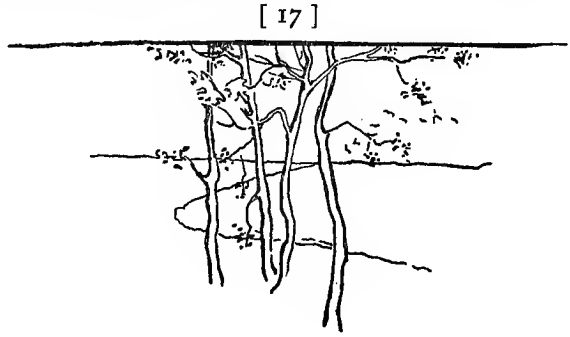
Then some morning all the bobolinks in the country are turned out of their homes in the meadows, by men and horses and mowing-machines, for at that time the long grass is ready to cut.

Then he begins to think about the wild rice which is getting just right to eat. Besides, he likes to take his long journey to South America in an easy way, stopping here and there as he goes. So some morning we miss his cheerful call, and if we go to the meadow we shall not be able to see a single bobolink.

There, too, are the swallows, who eat only small flying insects. As the weather grows cooler, these tiny flies are no longer to be found. So the swallows begin to flock, as it is called. For a few days they will be seen on fences and telegraph wires, chattering and making a great noise, and then some morning they will all be gone.

As the days grow shorter and cooler, the warblers go. These are the bright-colored little fellows, who live mostly in the tops of





trees. Then the orioles and the thrushes and the cuckoos leave us, and most birds who live on insects.

By the time that November comes in, few of them will be left. Birds who can live on seeds and winter berries, such as cedar-berries and partridge-berries, and others, often stay with us,—bluebirds, finches, and sometimes, robins.

Many birds take their journey by night. Think of it! Tiny creatures, that all summer go to bed at dark, start off some night, when it seems as if they ought to be asleep, and fly all night in the dark. When it grows light, they stop in some place where they can feed and rest. And the next night, or two or three nights later, they go on again. So they do till they reach their winter home, hundreds or thousands of miles away.

These night flyers are the timid birds, and those who live in the woods, and do not like to be seen,—thrushes, wrens, vireos, and others. Birds with strong wings, who are used to flying hours every day, and bolder birds, who do not mind being seen, take their journeys by daylight.

Most of them stop now and then, a day or two at a time, to feed and rest. They fly very high, and faster than our railroad trains can go.

In the spring the birds take their second long journey, back to their last year's home. How they know their way on these journeys, men have been for many years trying to find out. They have found that birds travel on regular roads, or routes, that follow the rivers and the shores of the ocean. They can see much better than we can, and even in the night they can see water.

One such road, or highway, is over the harbor of New York. When the statue of Liberty was set up on an island in the harbor a few years ago, it was put in the birds' path. Usually they fly too high to mind it; but when there is a rain or fog they come much lower, and, sad to say, many of them fly against it and are killed.

We often see strange birds in our city streets and parks, while they are passing through on their migrations, for they sometimes spend several days with us.

—*Olive Thorne Miller.*

*From* **First book of Birds. Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.**

## WHAT THE DANDELION DOES.

"Oh, dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?"
"I just wait here in the long green grass
Till the children come to play."

"Oh dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?"
"I wait and wait while the cool dew falls
And my hair grows long and white."

"And what do you do when your hair grows white,
And the children come to play?"
"They take me up in their dimpled hands
And blow my hair away."

*From* The Art-Literature Readers, Book I. Used by permission of Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover.

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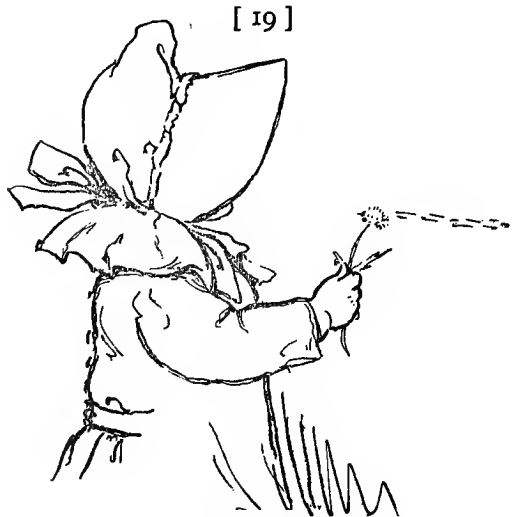
Oh, downy dandelion-wings,
Wild floating wings, like silver spun,
That dance and glisten in the sun!
You airy things, you Elfin things,
That June-time always brings!
Oh, are you seeds that seek the earth,
The light of laughing flowers to spread?
Or flitting fairies that had birth
When merry words were said?

—*Helen Gray Cone.*





## THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains, with light and song.
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

—*Felicia Hemans.*

## THE THRUSH'S LESSON.

A little brown bird sat on a tree
A-swinging and singing as glad as could be;
And shaking his tail and smoothing his dress,
And having such fun as you never could guess.

And when he had finished his gay little song,
He flew down the street and went hopping along,
This way and that, with both little feet,
While his sharp little eyes looked for something to eat.

A little boy said to him: "Little bird, stop!
And tell me the reason you go with a hop.
Why don't you walk as boys do and men—
One foot at a time—like a duck or a hen?"

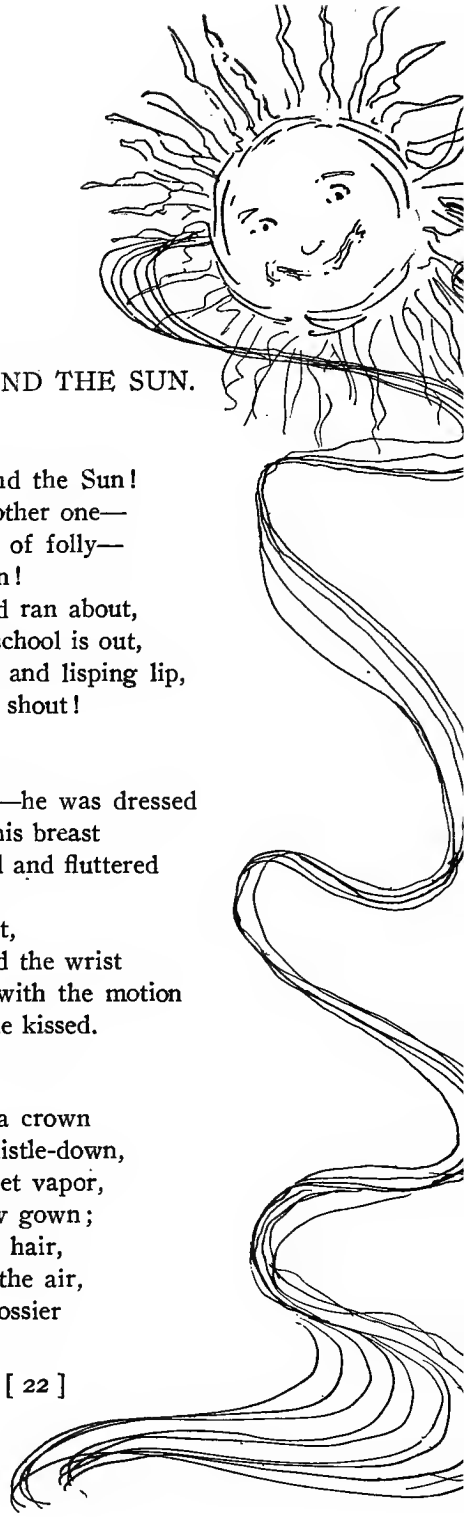
"Use your eyes, little boy, watch closely and see
What little birds hop with both feet, like me.
And what little birds walk like the duck and the hen?
And when you know that you'll know more than some men.

"The birds that scratch in the earth, little boy,
And the birds that wade in the water with joy,
Can walk one foot at a time, you see,
As you do, except when you hop like me.

"But most of the birds that can sing you a song
Are small, and their legs are not very strong;
Walking, wading, and scratching, they leave to the rest,
And hop, hop, hop, and fly with the best.

"I've many relations, each one of us sings;
We're called Warblers, and Perchers, and other sweet things.
Just keep your eyes open while out at your play,
You'll see what I've told you is true. Good day!"

—*Anonymous.*



## THE SOUTH WIND AND THE SUN.

O the South Wind and the Sun!
How each loved the other one—
  Full of fancy—full of folly—
Full of jollity and fun!
How they romped and ran about,
Like two boys when school is out,
  With glowing face, and lisping lip,
Low laugh, and lifted shout!

And the South Wind—he was dressed
With a ribbon round his breast
  That floated, flapped and fluttered
In a riotous unrest;
And a drapery of mist,
From the shoulder and the wrist
  Flowing backward with the motion
Of the waving hand he kissed.

And the Sun had on a crown
Wrought of gilded thistle-down,
  And a scarf of velvet vapor,
And a raveled-rainbow gown;
And his tinsel-tangled hair,
Tossed and lost upon the air,
  Was glossier and flossier
Than any anywhere.

And the South Wind's eyes were two
Little dancing drops of dew,
  As he puffed his cheeks, and pursed his lips,
And blew and blew, and blew!
And the Sun's—like diamond-stone,
Brighter yet than ever known,
  As he knit his brows and held his breath,
And shone, and shone, and shone!

And this pair of merry fays
Wandered through the summer days;
  Arm in arm they went together
Over heights of morning haze—
Over slanting slopes of lawn
They went on, and on, and on,
  Where the daisies looked like star-tracks
Trailing up and down the dawn.

And where'er they found the top
Of a wheat-stalk droop and lop
  They chucked it underneath the chin
And praised the lavish crop,
Till it lifted with the pride
Of the heads it grew beside,
  And then the South Wind and the Sun
Went onward satisfied.

Over meadow-lands they tripped,
Where the dandelions dipped
  In crimson foam of clover-bloom,
And dripped and dripped and dripped;
And they clinched the bumble-stings,
Gauming honey on their wings,
  And bundling them in lily-bells,
With maudlin murmurings.

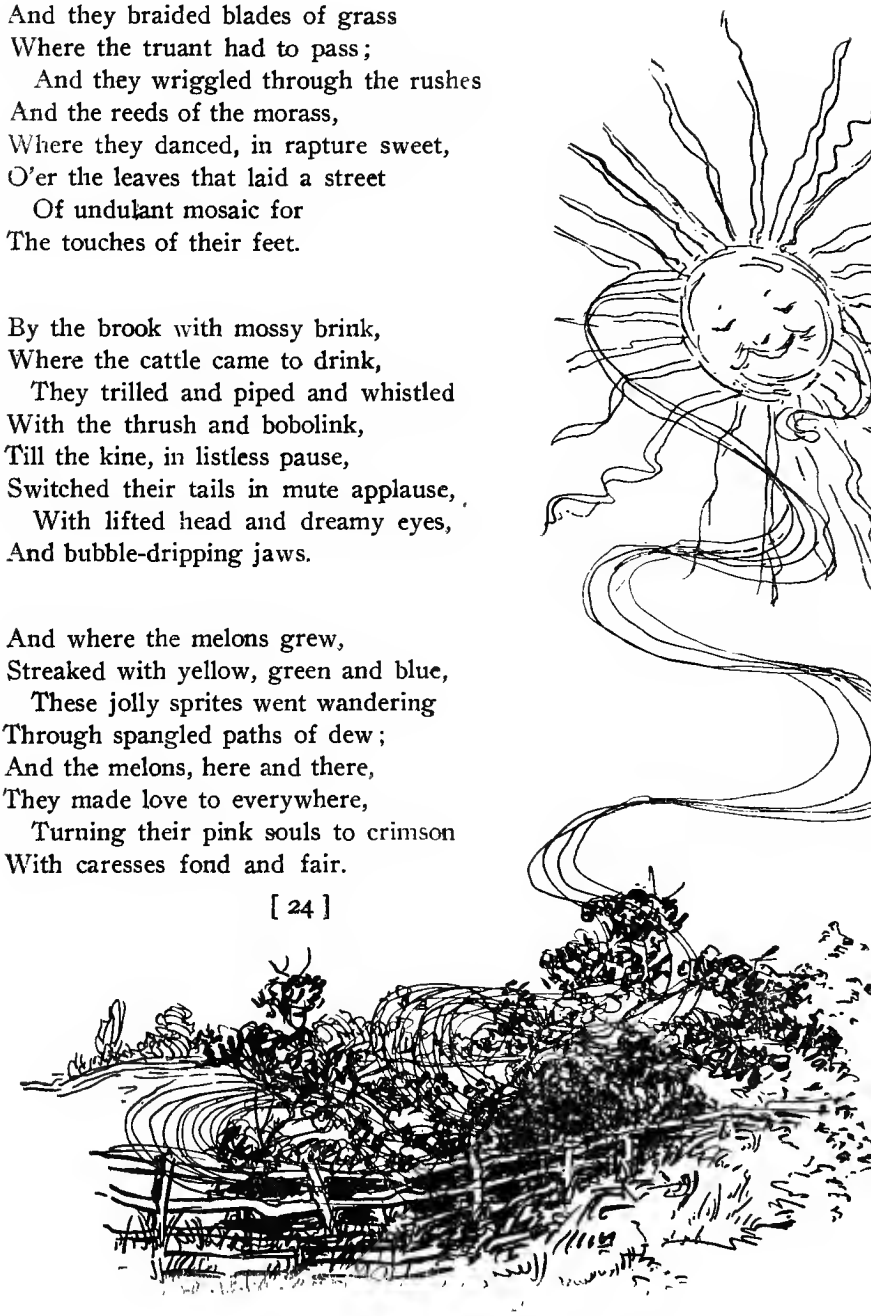
And the humming-bird, that hung
Like a jewel up among
  The tilted honeysuckle-horns,
They mesmerized, and swung
In the palpitating air,
Drowsed with odors strange and rare,
  And, with whispered laughter, slipped away
And left him hanging there.

And they braided blades of grass
Where the truant had to pass;
  And they wriggled through the rushes
And the reeds of the morass,
Where they danced, in rapture sweet,
O'er the leaves that laid a street
  Of undulant mosaic for
The touches of their feet.

By the brook with mossy brink,
Where the cattle came to drink,
  They trilled and piped and whistled
With the thrush and bobolink,
Till the kine, in listless pause,
Switched their tails in mute applause,
  With lifted head and dreamy eyes,
And bubble-dripping jaws.

And where the melons grew,
Streaked with yellow, green and blue,
  These jolly sprites went wandering
Through spangled paths of dew;
And the melons, here and there,
They made love to everywhere,
  Turning their pink souls to crimson
With caresses fond and fair.





Over orchard walls they went,
Where the fruited boughs were bent
  Till they brushed the sward beneath them
Where the shine and shadow blent;
And the great green pear they shook
Till the shallow hue forsook
  Its features, and the gleam of gold
Laughed out in every look.

And they stroked the downy cheek
Of the peach, and smoothed it sleek,
  And flushed it into splendor;
And, with many an elfish freak,
Gave the russet's rust a wipe—
Prankt the rambo with a stripe,
  And the winesap blushed its reddest
As they spanked the pippins ripe.

And the golden-banded bees,
Droning o'er the flowery leas,
  They bridled, reined, and rode away
Across the fragrant breeze,
Till in hollow oak and elm
They had groomed and stabled them
  In waxen stalls that oozed with dews
Of rose and lily-stem.

Where the dusty highway leads,
High above the wayside weeds
  They sowed the air with butterflies
Like blooming flower-seeds,
Till the dull grasshopper sprung
Half a man's height up, and hung
  Tranced in the heat, with whirring wings,
And sung, and sung, and sung!

And they loitered, hand in hand,
Where the snipe along the sand
  Of the river ran to meet them
As the ripple meets the land,
Till the dragonfly, in light
Gauzy armor, burnished bright,
  Came tilting down the waters
In a wild, bewildered flight.

And they heard the killdee's call,
And afar, the waterfall,
  But the rustle of a falling leaf
They heard above it all;
And the trailing willow crept
Deeper in the tide that swept
  The leafy shallop to the shore,
And wept, and wept, and wept!

And the fairy vessel veered
From its moorings—tacked and steered
  For the center of the current—
Sailed away and disappeared:
And the burthen that it bore
From the long-enchanted shore—
  "Alas! the South Wind and the Sun!"
I murmur evermore.

For the South Wind and the Sun,
Each so loves the other one,
  For all his jolly folly,
And frivolity and fun,
That our love for them they weigh
As their fickle fancies may,
  And when at last we love them most,
They laugh and sail away.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

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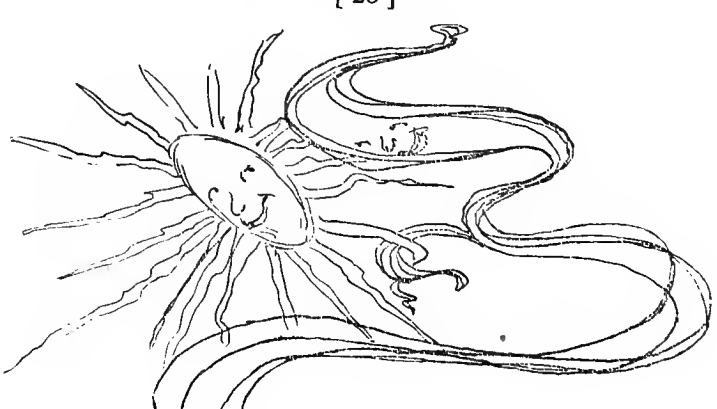

## A FOREST HYMN.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them, ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offer'd to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that sway'd at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bow'd
His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of the ancient wood,
Offer one hymn; thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns: Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,

These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here; Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.

Here is continual worship; Nature here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength and grace
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak,—
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated,—not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
Ere wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad Sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and looks so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of th' indwelling life,
A visible token of the upholding love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me,—the perpetual work

Of Thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd
Forever. Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die; but see, again,
How, on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of Earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death; yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulchre, and blooms and smiles,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

O God, when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities; who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by!
O, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchain'd elements, to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

—*W. C. Bryant.*

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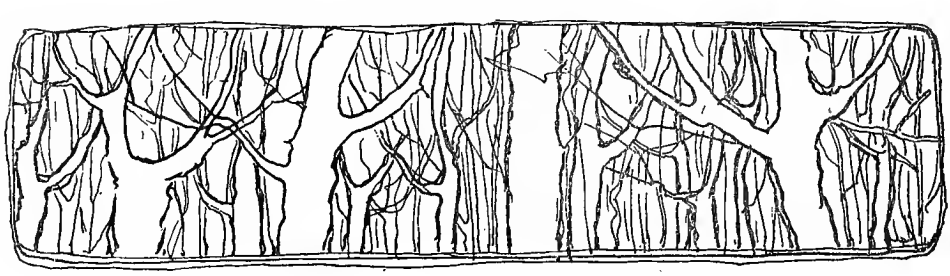

The Crocus had slept in his little round house
So soundly the whole winter through;
There came a tap-tapping!—'twas Spring at the door;
Up! up! we are waiting for you!

The Crocus peeped out from his little brown house
And nodded his gay little head;
Good morning, Miss Snowdrop! and how do you do
This fine, chilly morning? he said.

—*Sarah J. Day.*

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Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
  Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
  And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!

—*Jean Ingelow.*

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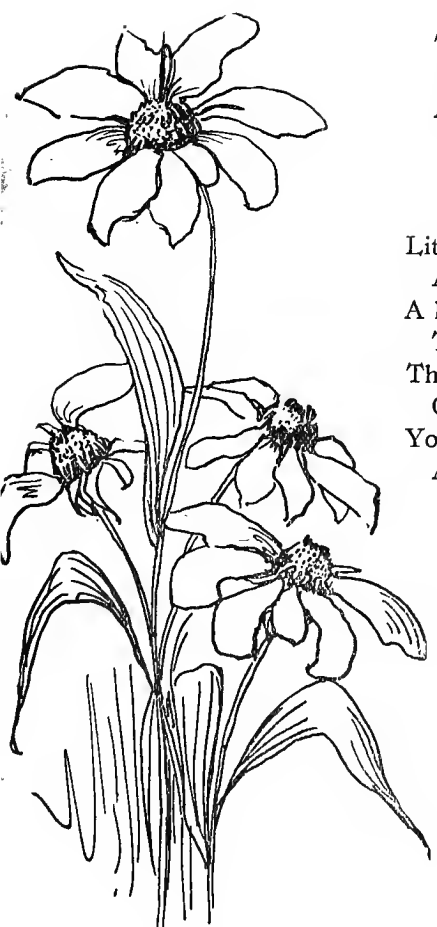
I wonder if you're thinking,
  How much we owe the trees?
With green leaves lightly dancing,
  And whispering to the breeze?

They've fruits, so ripe and mellow,
  Brown nuts for everyone;
And shelter from the winter's cold,
  And summer's burning sun.



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Little bird, little bird,
  As you sing upon your bough,
A hundred hearts are happier
  That you are singing now;
Though the sun is shining brightly,
  Or is hiding in a cloud,
You give the world your sweetest songs,
  And sing them brave and loud.

—*Julia Anna Wolcott.*

## THE OWL.

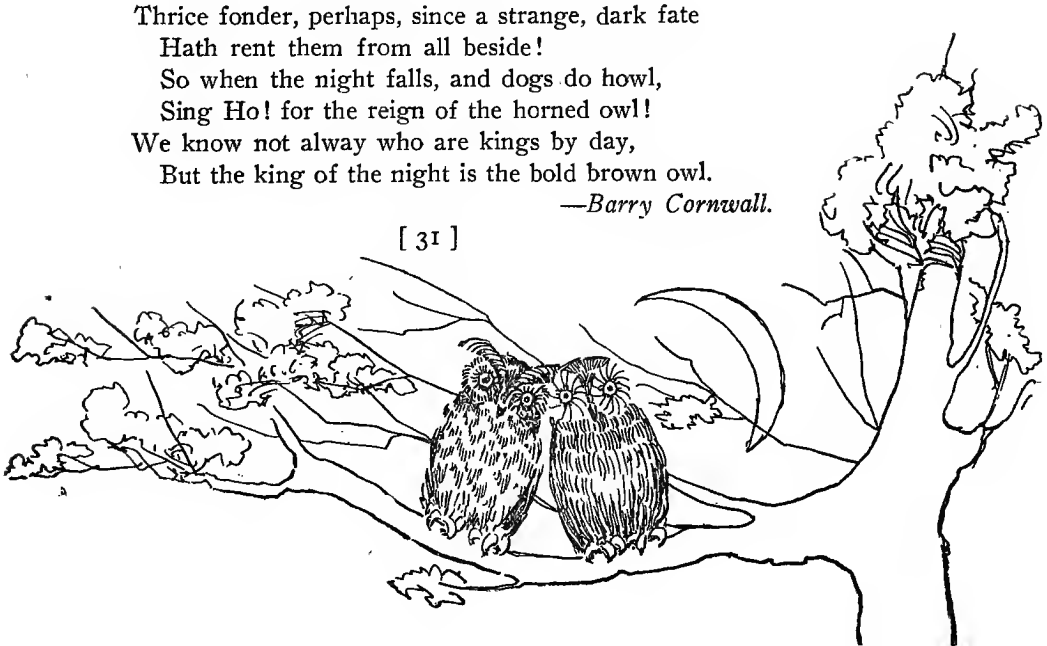
In the hollow tree, in the gray old tower,
  The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
  But at dusk,—he's abroad and well:
Not a bird of the forest ere mates with him;
  All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
  The boldest will shrink away;
    O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
    Then, then is the reign of the horned owl!

And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
  And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And with eyes like the shine of the moonshine cold
  She waiteth her ghastly groom!
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
  As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
  She hoots out her welcome shrill!
    O, when the moon shines, and the dogs do howl,
    Then, then is the cry of the horned owl!

Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy plight!
  The owl hath his share of good:
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
  He is lord in the dark green wood!
Nor lonely the bird nor his ghastly mate;
  They are each unto each a pride—
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange, dark fate
  Hath rent them from all beside!
  So when the night falls, and dogs do howl,
  Sing Ho! for the reign of the horned owl!
We know not alway who are kings by day,
  But the king of the night is the bold brown owl.

—*Barry Cornwall.*





## ENGLISH LULLABY.

Plump little baby clouds,
  Dimpled and soft,
Rock in their air-cradles
  Swinging aloft.

Great snowy mother clouds,
  Broad bosoms white,
Watch o'er the baby clouds
  Slumbering light.

Tired little baby clouds
  Dreaming of fears,
Turn in their air-cradles,
  Dropping soft tears.

Great brooding mother clouds,
  Watching o'er all,
Let their warm mother tears
  Tenderly fall.

*From* "Songs of the Tree-top and Meadow." Used by permission of Public School Pub. Co.

## TRUE ROYALTY.

There was never a Queen like Balkis,
From here to the wide world's end;
But Balkis talked to a butterfly
As you would talk to a friend.

There was never a King like Solomon,
Not since the world began;
But Solomon talked to a butterfly
As a man would talk to a man.

*She* was Queen of Sabaea—
And *he* was Asia's Lord—
But they both of 'em talked to butterflies
When they took their walks abroad.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

*From* Just So Stories. Used by permission of A. P. Watt & Son, London, *and* Doubleday, Page & Co.

## THE TAX-GATHERER.

"And pray, who are you?"
Said the violet blue
To the Bee, with surprise
At his wonderful size,
In her eye-glass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,
"Am a publican Bee,
Collecting the tax
Of honey and wax.
Have you nothing for me?"

—*John B. Tabb.*

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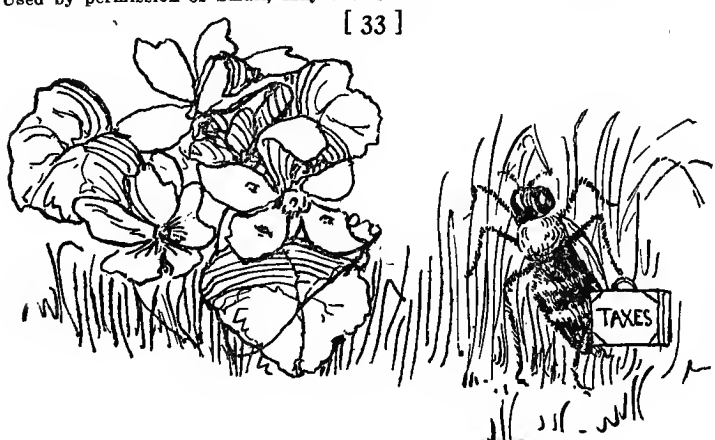

## A BOY'S SONG IN SPRING.

Hurrah, for the snow is over,
  And the merry brook is free;
We'll soon sip sweets from the clover
  Along with the bumble-bee.

We'll track the soaring swallow
  As he eddies above the trees,
And follow him and follow,
  And dream of the things he sees.

We'll watch the insects springing
  Till they seem like roguish elves,
And hark to the brown thrush singing
  Till we want to sing ourselves.

Hurrah, for the snow is over!
  And Winter, the poor old soul!
Has gone to play the rover
  On the meadows of the pole.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

*From* A Boy's Book of Rhyme. Used by permission of Small, Maynard & Co.

## THE EAGLE.

He clasps the crag with hookéd hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls;
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

## THE PANSIES.

The dear little pansies are lifting their heads,
All purple and blue and gold,
They're covering with beauty the garden beds,
And hiding from sight the dull mould.

The dear little pansies they nod and smile,
Their faces upturned to the sky,
"We are trying to make the world pretty and bright,"
They whisper to each passer-by.

Now all little children who try ev'ry day,
Kindhearted and loving to be,
Are helping the pansies to make the world bright
And beautiful; don't you see?

## STRANGE LANDS.

Where do you come from, Mr. Jay?
"From the land of Play, from the land of Play."
And where can that be, Mr. Jay?
"Far away—far away."

Where do you come from, Mrs. Dove?
"From the land of Love, from the land of Love."
And how do you get there, Mrs. Dove?
"Look above—look above."

Where do you come from, Baby Miss?
"From the land of Bliss, from the land of Bliss.
And what is the way there, Baby Miss?
"Mother's kiss—mother's kiss."

—*Laurence Alma Tadema.*

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## THOUGHTS FER THE DISCOURAGED FARMER.

The summer winds is sniffin' round the bloomin' locus' trees;
And the clover in the pastur' is a big day fer the bees,
And they been a-swiggin' honey above board and on the sly,
Till they stutter in their buzzin', and stagger as they fly.
The flicker on the fence-rail 'pears to jest spit on his wings
And roll up his feathers, by the sassy way he sings;
And the hoss-fly is a-whettin'-up his forelegs fer biz,
And the off-mare is a-switchin' all of her tale they is!

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out today,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away,
And the woods is all the greener, and the grass is greener still;
It may rain again to-morry, but I don't think it will.
Some says the crops is ruined, and the corn's drownded out,
And propha-sy the wheat will be a failure, without doubt;
But the kind Providence that has never failed us yet,
Will be on hands onc't more at the 'leventh hour, I bet!

Does the medder-lark complain, as he swims high and dry
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?
Does the quail set up and whistle in a disappinted way,
Er hang his head in silence, and sorrow all the day?
Is the chipmuck's health a-failin'? Does he walk, er does he run?
Don't the buzzards ooze around up thare jest like they've allus done?
Is they anything the matter with the rooster's lungs er voice?
Ort a mortal be complainin' when dumb animals rejoice?

Then let us, one and all, be contented with our lot;
The June is here this morning, and the sun is shinin' hot.
Oh! let us fill our harts up with the glory of the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow far away!
Whatever be our station, with Providence fer guide,
Such fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;
Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips fer me and you.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

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## GREEN THINGS GROWING.

Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!
How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing;
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

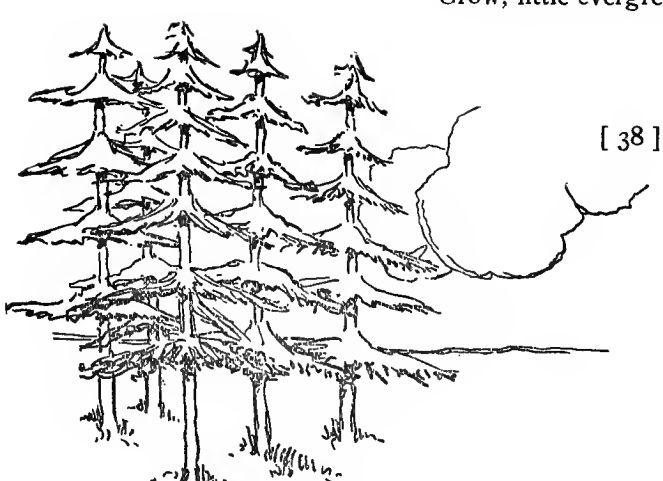
I love, I love them so,—my green things growing!
And I think that they love me, without false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,
With the soft mute comfort of green things growing.

—*Dinah Maria Mulock.*

## THE LITTLE FIR TREES.

Hey! little evergreens,
  Sturdy and strong!
Summer and autumn time,
  Hasten along.
Harvest the sunbeams, then,
  Bind them in sheaves,
Range them and change them
  To tufts of green leaves.
Delve in the mellow mold,
  Far, far, below,
And so,
  Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
  Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Up, up so airily
  To the blue sky,
Lift up your leafy tips
  Stately and high;
Clasp tight your tiny cones,
  Tawny and brown;
By and by, buffeting
  Rains will pelt down,
By and by, bitterly
  Chill winds will blow,
And so,
  Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!



Gather all uttermost
  Beauty, because—
Hark, till I tell it now—
  How Santa Claus,
Out of the northern land,
  Over the seas,
Soon shall come seeking you,
  Evergreen trees!
Seek you with reindeer, soon,
  Over the snow.
And so,
  Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

What if the maple flare
  Flaunting and red,
You will bear waxen-white
  Tapers instead.
What if now, other where
  Birds are beguiled,
You shall yet nestle
  The little Christ-child!
Ah, the strange splendor
  The fir trees shall know.
And so,
  Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow,
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

*From* St. Nicholas. Used by permission of The Century Co.

## THE AWAKENING OF SPRING.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
  Now bourgeons every maze of quick
  About the flowering squares, and thick,
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
  The distance takes a lovelier hue,
  And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
  The flocks are whiter down the vale,
  And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
  In yonder greening gleam, and fly
  The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
  Spring wakens, too; and my regret
  Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

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There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears,
This earth is but an echo of the spheres.

—*Byron.*

## THE END—AND THE BEGINNING.

Purely physical vitality reaches its climax in the bird. Such intensity of life and joy we find nowhere else; it throbs in every atom of its hot little body, it performs prodigous feats of flight, it escapes in song so loud and long that no other creature could stand an equal strain. Think of the amount of air set in vibration by a wood-thrush or mocking-bird during its prolonged solo, and then think of the size of the organs that do it. Recall the form of the song-sparrow on the topmost bough of some tree, head thrown back, body quivering, every muscle contracted, while a loud and prolonged melody pours from the atom of intense life. No other creature can enter the lists of pure physical life with the bird; there it is without peer.

What is left for the creature who, in the course of development, must surpass it? The bird has reached the summit of physical existence, the next form of life advances toward an existence which is more than physical.

*From* A Song of life, by Margaret W. Morley. Used by permission of A. C. McClurg & Co.

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The tremendous unity of the pine absorbs and moulds the life of a race. The pine shadows rest upon a nation. The northern peoples, century after century, lived under one or other of the two great powers of the pine and the sea, both infinite. They dwelt amidst the forests as they wandered on the waves, and saw no end nor any other horizon. Still the dark, green trees, or the dark, green waters, jagged the dawn with their fringe or their foam. And whatever elements of imagination, or of warrior strength, or of domestic justice, were brought down by the Norwegian or the Goth against the dissoluteness or degradation of the south of Europe, were taught them under the green roofs and wild penetralia of the pine. —*John Ruskin.*

## THE BROOK.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
  With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
  And here and there a grayling.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
  I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
  That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
  Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
  Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
  In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
  I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

## THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
    O wind, a-blowing all day long!
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
    O wind, a-blowing all day long,
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
    O wind, a-blowing all day long,
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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April calls from hill and valley,
  Clad in fairy gold and green;
Bring your posies, Kate and Sally!
  Gather round our maiden Queen!
Hark! the woods are ringing, ringing,
  Thrushes trill and wood-doves coo;
All the birds are singing, singing,
  Shall not we be singing, too?

—*Laura E. Richards.*

## MR. CHICKADEE, D. D.

A little clergyman is he,
  With black and white cravat;
He bears a coveted degree,
  And wears a soft silk hat.

So overflowing is his strain,
  That he could dub "D. D."
Young theologues with meager brain
  And bump of vanity.

With happy heart and merry voice,
  He braves the cold and heat;
And to the loved one of his choice,
  He whistles soft and sweet.

His sect is Congregational,
  The wild-woods are his church;
The wind his "choir invisible,"
  His pulpit is a birch.

The sermon we should not forget:
  "Happy and cheerful be,
Have diligence, be brave, don't fret,"
  Says Chickadee, D. D.

—*Florence A. Van Sant, in The Evangelist.*

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Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still:
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.

—*Emerson.*

## WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

Woodman, spare that tree!
  Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
  And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
  That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
  Thy ax shall harm it not.

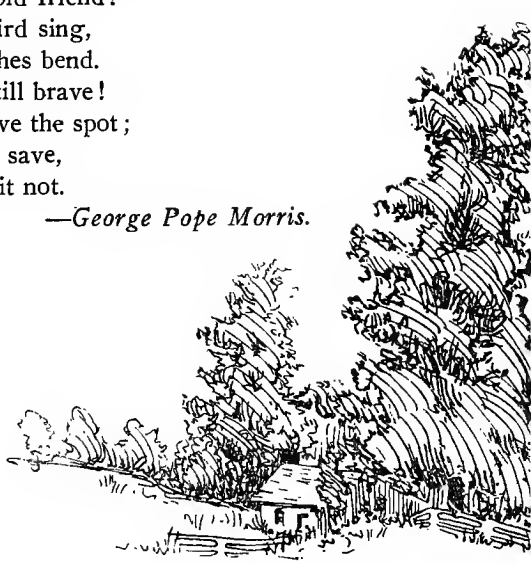
That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
  And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
  Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
  Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
  I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
  Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
  My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
  But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
  Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
  And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
  And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
  Thy ax shall harm it not.

—*George Pope Morris.*





## ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong.
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving, all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

—*Samuel T. Coleridge.*

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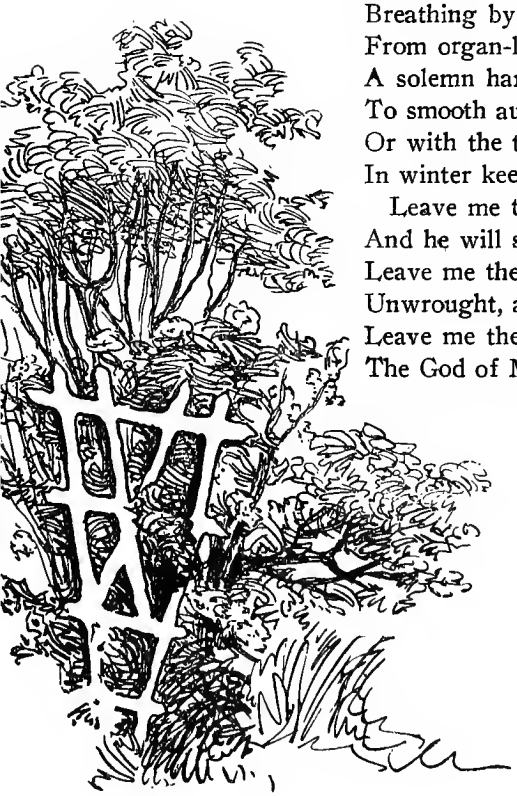
## THE GOD OF MUSIC.

The God of Music dwelleth out of doors.
All seasons through his minstrelsy we meet,
Breathing by field and covert haunting-sweet
From organ-lofts in forest old he pours:
A solemn harmony: on leafy floors
To smooth autumnal pipes he moves his feet,
Or with the tingling plectrum of the sleet
In winter keen beats out his thrilling scores.
Leave me the reed unplucked beside the stream,
And he will stoop and fill it with the breeze;
Leave me the viol's frame in secret trees,
Unwrought, and it shall wake a druid theme;
Leave me the whispering shell on Nereid shores.
The God of Music dwelleth out of doors.

—*Edith M. Thomas.*



## TIME TO GO.

They know the time to go!
The fairy clocks strike their inaudible hour
In field and woodland, and each punctual flower
Bows at the signal an obedient head
And hastes to bed.

The pale Anemone
Glides on her way with scarcely a good-night;
The Violets tie their purple nightcaps tight;
Hand clasped in hand, the dancing Columbines,
In blithesome lines,

Drop their last courtesies,
Flit from the scene, and couch them for their rest;
The Meadow Lily folds her scarlet vest
And hides it 'neath the Grasses' lengthening green;
Fair and serene.

Her sister Lily floats
On the blue pond, and raises golden eyes
To court the golden splendor of the skies,—
The sudden signal comes, and down she goes
To find repose

In the cool depths below.
A little later, and the Asters blue
Depart in crowds, a brave and cheery crew;
While Golden-rod, still wide awake and gay,
Turns him away,

Furls his bright parasol,
And, like a little hero, meets his fate.
The Gentians, very proud to sit up late,
Next follow. Every Fern is tucked and set
'Neath coverlet,

Downy and soft and warm.
No little seedling voice is heard to grieve
Or make complaints the folding woods beneath;
No lingerer dares to stay, for well they know
The time to go.

Teach us your patience, brave,
Dear flowers, till we shall dare to part like you,
Willing God's will, sure that his clock strikes true,
That his sweet day augurs a sweeter morrow,
With smiles, not sorrow.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

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## SONG.

The year's at the Spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill side's dew pearled:
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

—*Robert Browning.*

## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Jack-in-the-pulpit preaches today
Under the green trees just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow high on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells ringing to church.

Come hear what his Reverence rises to say,
In his painted pulpit, this calm Sabbath day.
Fair as the canopy over him seen,
Penciled by nature's hand, black, brown, and green.

Green is his surplice, green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit the little priest stands.
In black and gold velvet, so gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice the chorister bee.

And the columbines bravely as sentinels stand
On the lookout with their red trumpets in hand;
Meek-faced anemones drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets smiling out glad;

Buttercups' faces beaming and bright;
Clovers with bonnets—some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers half-clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of the gold in their hair;

Innocents, children guileless and frail,
Meek little faces, upturned and pale;
Wildwood geranuiums, all in their best,
Languidly leaning, in purple gauze dressed:—

All are assembled this sweet Sabbath day,
To hear what the priest in his pulpit shall say,
Look, white Indian pipes on the green mosses lie!
Who has been smoking profanely so nigh?

Rebuked by the preacher the mischief is stopped,
But the sinners, in haste, have their little pipes dropped.
Let the wind with the fragrance of fern and black birch
Blow the smell of the smoking clean out of the church.

So much for the preacher: the sermon comes next,
Shall we tell how he preached it, and where was his text?
Alas, like too many grown-up folks who play
At worship at churches man-builded today,—

We heard not the preacher expound or discuss;
But we looked at the people; and they looked at us;
We saw all their dresses, their colors and shapes,
The trim of their bonnets, the cut of their capes;
We heard the wind organ, the bee, and the bird,
But of Jack-in-the-pulpit we heard not a word.

—*Clara Smith.*

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## DIFFERENT WEATHER.

Stormy little February
Muttered, "Horrid world this, very."
March rushed in all cross and weeping,
"Dirty world,—needs lots of sweeping."
April murmured, "S'pose I try
To put sunshine in that sky."
May thought, as the leaves uncurled,
"What a very lovely world!"

—*J. M. L.*

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## THE FARMER'S LIFE.

The farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources, he has,—his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dogs, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his coöperation with the cloud, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, frost! Nothing will take the various distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.

Blessed is he whose youth was passed upon a farm. Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtue after your day's work is done.

—*John Burroughs.*

*From* Signs and Seasons. Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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There is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees, that smiles amidst all the rigors of winter, and gives us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy.

—*Addison.*

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To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds and watch their renewal of life,—this is the commonest delight of the race, the most satisfactory thing one can do.

—*Warner.*

## THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

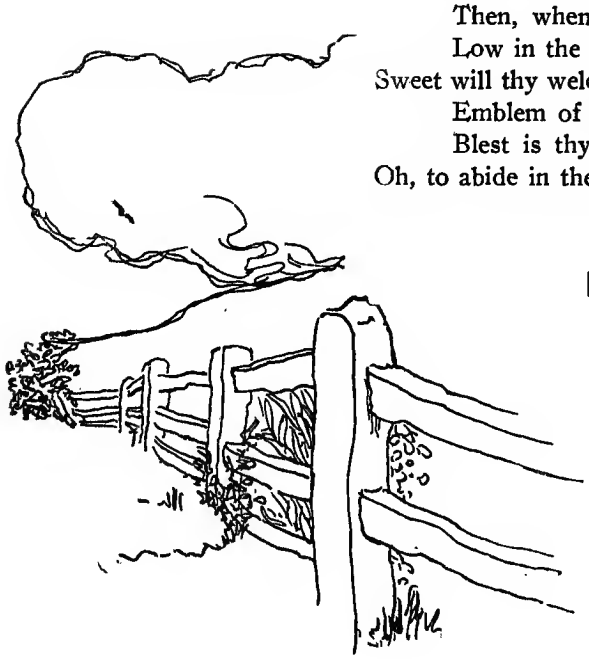
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

—*Thomas Hogg.*





## THE BIRD.

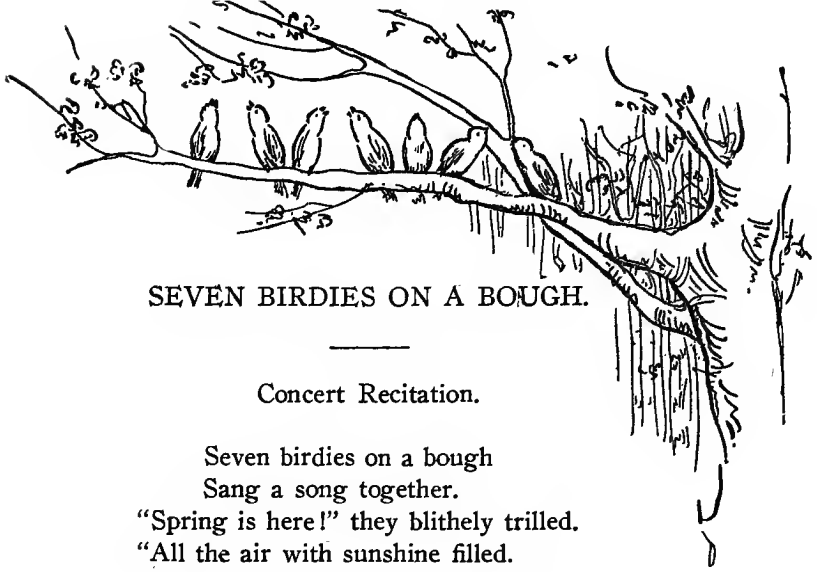
The bird is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like a blown flame: it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it;—*is* the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also, into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air: on these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness; the rubies of the clouds, the vermilion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky—all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea-sand;—even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.

—*John Ruskin.*

*From* The Queen of the Air (Brantwood Edition). Used by permission of the publishers, Longmans, Green & Co.



## SEVEN BIRDIES ON A BOUGH.

Concert Recitation.

Seven birdies on a bough
Sang a song together.
"Spring is here!" they blithely trilled.
"All the air with sunshine filled.
Sing your sweetest, birdies, now,—
Hey for April weather!"
Seven birdies on a bough
Sang this song together.

Seven birdies on a bough
Huddled close together;
All the air with snow was filled,
All their tiny toes were chilled.
Where's the tuneful chorus now,
Where's the sunny weather?
Seven birdies on a bough
Shivered all together.

Seven birdies on a bough
Hoarsely chirped together:
"Seven April fools are we.
To the Sunny South we'll flee
By the great 'Through Air Line,' now,—
This is dreadful weather!"
Seven birdies on a bough
All took wing together.

—*Jennie Betts Hartswick.*

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## THE BLUEBELL.

In love she fell,
My shy Bluebell,
With a strolling Bumble-bee;
He whispered low,
"I love you so!
Sweet, give your heart to me—

"I love but you,
And I'll be true,
O give me your heart, I pray!"
She bent her head,—
"I will!" she said,
When, lo! he flew away.

—*Margaret Deland.*

***From*** **The Old Garden. Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.**

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## THE SOWER.

"Come, wild Wind," said the Catkin folks,
"Loiter not on the way.
It is time for us to plant our seeds;
We need your help today."

The jolly wild Wind whisked merrily by,
And never a word did he say;
But birch and willow and alder trees
He planted by scores that day.

—*Mary F. Butts.*

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## BABY'S PLAYTHINGS.

Said the new Noah's Ark
With its animals: "Hark!
If your wooden toys please,
You must thank the good Trees,
For they give all the wood to make such things as these."

Said the big Rubber Ball:
"Yes, and that is not all!
For a tree far away
Gave its sap—so they say—
To make soft rubber toys for the wee Babies' play."

*From* Child stories and rhymes. Used by permission of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

## A SPRING LILT.

Through the silver mist
Of the blossom-spray
Trill the orioles: list
To their joyous lay!
"What in all the world, in all the world," they say,
"Is half so sweet, so sweet, is half so sweet as May?"

"June! June! June!"
Low croon
The brown bees in the clover.
"Sweet! sweet! sweet!"
Repeat
The robins, nested over.

## ANTICIPATION.

I am going to plant a hickory tree,
And then, when I am a man,
My boys and girls may come and eat
Just all the nuts they can!

And I shall say, "My children dear,
This tree that you enjoy
I set for you one Arbor Day,
When I was but a boy."

And they will answer, "Oh, how kind
To plant for us this tree!"
And then they'll crack the fattest nuts,
And give them all to me!

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## A FANCY.

'The flowers are Nature's poems,
In blue and red and gold;
With every change from bud to bloom
Sweet fantasies unfold.

The trees are Nature's music—
Her living harps are they,
On which the fingers of the wind
Majestic marches play."

## CROCUSES.

A kind voice calls, "Come, little ones,
  'Tis time to wake from sleeping!"
And out of bed without a word
  The drowsy folk come creeping
And soon above the chilly earth
  Their tiny heads are peeping.
They bravely face the wind of March,
  Its bite and bluster scorning
Like little soldiers—till, oh, joy!
  With scarce a word of warning
The crocuses slip off their caps
  And give us gay good morning.

—*Anna M. Pratt.*

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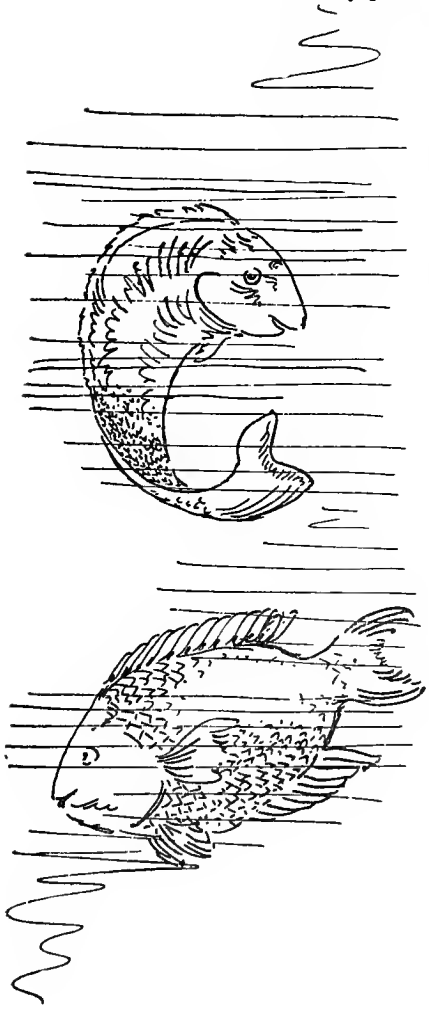


When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skillful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

—*Old rhyme.*

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June

Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

—*Mother Goose.*

## LEGEND OF THE ARBUTUS.

An old teepee stood by a frozen river in the forest where there are many pine trees. The tops of the trees were white with snow. The teepee was almost covered with the snow. An old chief sat in this teepee; his hair was like the icicles that hang from dead pine-tree branches; he was very old.

He was covered with furs. The floor of his teepee was covered with the skins of the bear and the elk. He had been a great hunter. His name was Peboan. Peboan was faint with hunger, and he was cold. He had been hunting for three days. He had killed nothing. All the moose, deer, and bear had gone. They had left no trail. Wabasso, the rabbit, had hidden in the bushes. There was no food, no meat for Peboan.

He called upon the great Menabozho for help.

"Come, Menabozho, come help Peboan, the chief of the winter manitous. Come, for Mukwa the bear has gone from me. Come, or Peboan must go to the far north to find Mahto the white bear. Peboan is old, and his feet are weary."

Peboan crawled on his knees over the furs to the little fire in the middle of the teepee. He blew on the coals with his faint breath, and the coals grew very red. His breath was like a wind; the coals made the wind warm like a south wind. The deerskins that covered the teepee trembled like leaves, for the warm wind blew them.

Peboan sat on the furs on the floor of his teepee and waited. He knew Menabozho would hear him.

Peboan heard no sound, but he looked toward the door of his teepee. It was lifted back, and he saw a beautiful Indian maiden.

She carried a great bundle of willow buds in her arms. Her dress was of sweet grass and early maple leaves. Her eyes were like a young deer. Her hair was like the blackest feathers of a crow, and it was so long that it was like a blanket over her shoul-

ders. She was small; her feet were hidden in two moccasin flowers.

"Menabozho heard Peboan, the winter manitou. He has sent me. I am Segun."

"You are welcome, Segun. Sit by my fire; it is warm. I have no meat. Sit down and tell me what you can do."

"Peboan may tell first what he can do," said Segun.

Peboan said: "I am a winter manitou; I blow my breath, and the flowers die. The waters stand still; the leaves fall and die."

Segun said: "I am a summer manitou; I blow my breath and the flowers open their eyes. The waters follow me on my trail."

Peboan said: "I shake my hair, and the snow falls on the mountains, like the feathers of Waubese, the great white swan."

Segun said: "I shake my hair, and warm rain falls from the clouds. I call, and the birds answer me. The trees put on their leaves, and the grass grows thick like the fur of the bear. The summer sky is my teepee. Menabozho has said that the time has come for you to go."

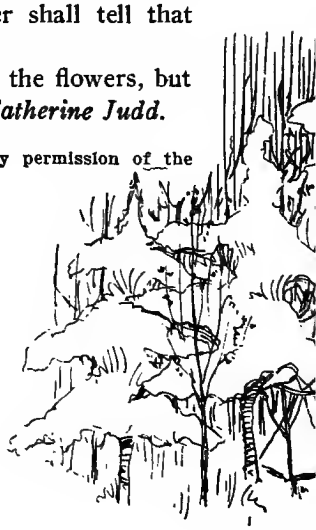
Peboan's head bent over on his shoulder. The sun melted the snow on the pine trees; it melted the snow on the teepee. Segun waved her hands over Peboan, and a strange thing happened.

Peboan grew smaller and smaller. His deerskin clothes turned to leaves and covered Peboan on the ground. Segun looked, but Peboan was gone. She took some flowers from her hair and hid them under the leaves on the ground. There was ice on the leaves, but it did not hurt the pink flowers. Segun breathed on the flowers, and they became sweet.

She said: "I go, but the flowers shall stay to tell of Segun's visit to Peboan. The children shall find them and know that Segun has sent Peboan away. It shall be so each time the snows melt and the rivers begin to run. This flower shall tell that spring has come."

Peboan's teepee was sweet with the breath of the flowers, but Segun was gone. —*Mary Catherine Judd.*

*From* Wigwam Stones, published by Ginn & Co. Used by permission of the author.



## THE WHISTLE-TREE.

The whistle-tree is growing in a green and sunny nook,
In the low and marshy meadow where there flows a silver brook;
You must seek it in the springtime, when its leaves are silver-gray,
There you'll find the best of whistles almost any sunny day.

The whistle-tree is sought for by all wise and wary boys
When the whistles are exactly primed to give the loudest noise.
The tree bears plenty of them, so there never should be strife,
And all one needs to gather with is just a pocket-knife.

Let others sing of oak and birch and all the evergreens,
Or of the elm and maple bright, adorning country scenes;
The best and finest of them all—at least to all the boys—
Is this same merry whistle-tree that grows a crop of noise.

Then hurrah for the meadow!
Hurrah for the tree!
And hurrah for the whistles
Growing there for you and me!

—*A. W. M.*

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## SONG OF SEVEN.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
  My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
  They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
  And shining so round and low;
You are bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing,—
  You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
  That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
  And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
  You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
  Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
  Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
  That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
  I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
  I am seven times one today.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

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## TOO FOGGY.

Two little birds started out to sing
  When foggy was the weather,
They cleared their throats, and whetted their bills,
  And coughed and wheezed together.
They wheezed and coughed as hard as they could,
  In this dreadful foggy weather
Till they spoiled their notes, and split their throats,
  And turned up their toes together.

*From* Songs and rhymes for the little ones. Used by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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The pedigree of honey
  Does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him
  Is aristocracy.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

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## VIOLETS.

Under the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie;
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen,
By their leaves you may know where the violet hath been.

—*John Moultrie.*

## MAY.

I climbed and I climbed to the top of the tree;
  High up in the branches I stood.
Below in the field was a man with his plow,
  And I called him as loud as I could.

He stopped and he looked at the fields and the lane,
  But no one at all could he see;
For he never once thought as he wondered and stared,
  I was up in the top of the tree.

I swung and I swayed with the tree in the wind;
  I was not afraid I would fall.
The maple buds put out their little green wings,
  And nobody saw me at all.

—*Katherine Pyle.*

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## THE POLITE OWL.

The owl made a bow
As I passed where she sat,—
A very small owl,—
She bowed this way and that,
So I lifted my hat.

Did she just bob her head
When the sun hurt her eyes?
So my grandfather said.
But she looked very wise
For an owl of her size.

*From* A new baby world. Used by permission of The Century Co.

## THE BUMBLE-BEE AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

A bumble-bee, yellow as gold,
Sat perched on a red-clover top,
When a grasshopper, wiry and old,
Came along with a skip and a hop.
"Good-morrow!" cried he, "Mr. Bumble-bee!
You seem to have come to a stop."

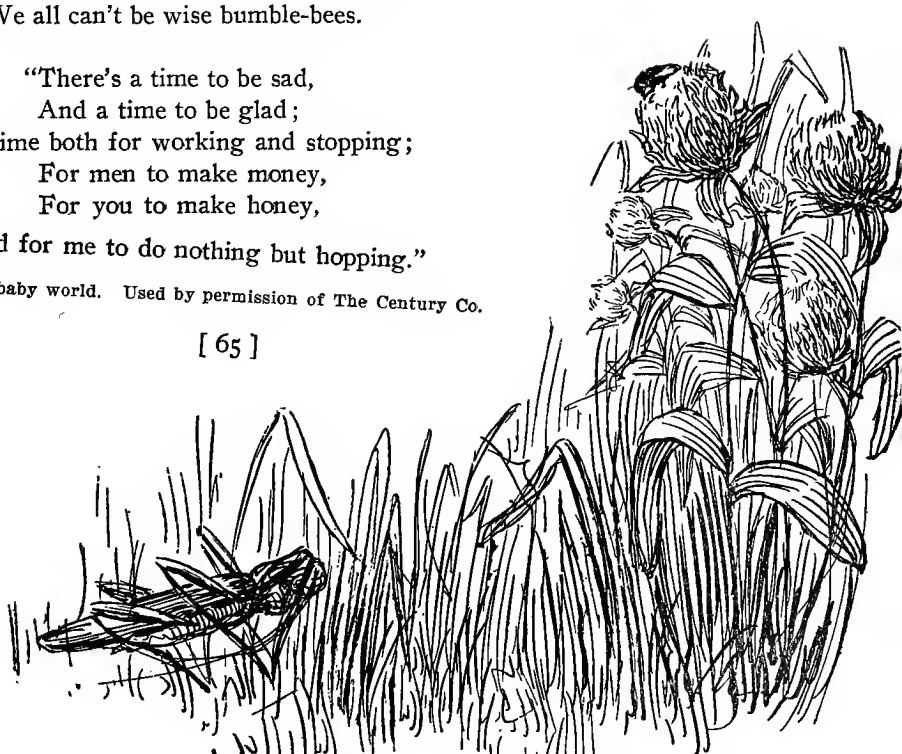
"We people that work,"
Said the bee with a jerk,
"Find a benefit sometimes in stopping;
Only insects like you,
Who have nothing to do,
Can keep up a perpetual hopping."

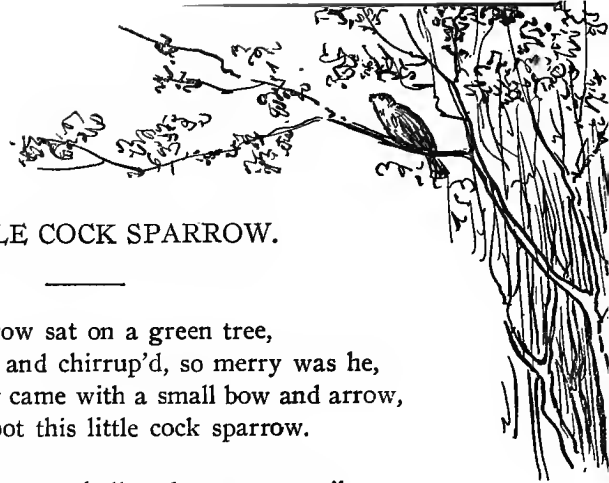
The grasshopper paused on his way,
And thoughtfully hunched up his knees;
"Why trouble this sunshiny day,"
Quoth he, "with reflections like these?
I follow the trade for which I was made;
We all can't be wise bumble-bees.

"There's a time to be sad,
And a time to be glad;
A time both for working and stopping;
For men to make money,
For you to make honey,
And for me to do nothing but hopping."

*From* A new baby world. Used by permission of The Century Co.





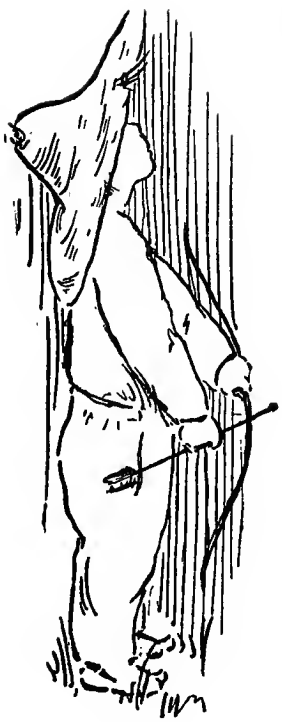


## A LITTLE COCK SPARROW.

A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirrup'd, and chirrup'd, so merry was he,
But a naughty boy came with a small bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock sparrow.

"This little cock sparrow shall make me a stew,"
Said this naughty boy, "Yes, and a little pie, too."
"Oh, no!" said the sparrow, "I won't make a stew,"
So he fluttered his wings and away he flew.

—*Mother Goose.*



The flower that's bright with the sun's own light,
And hearty and true and bold,
Is the daisy sweet that nods at your feet,
And sprinkles the field with gold.

## THE BUMBLE-BEE.

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew to the top of the tulip-tree;
He flew to the top, but he could not stop,
For he had to get home to his early tea.

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew away from the tulip-tree;
But he made a mistake, and flew into the lake,
And he never got home to his early tea.

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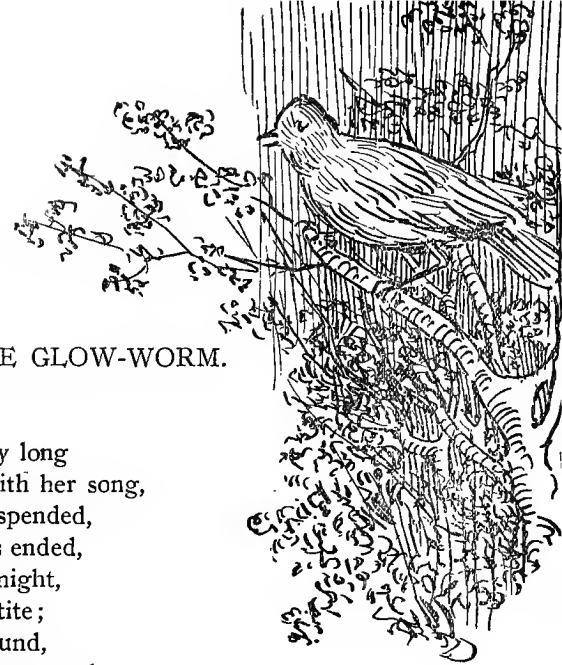
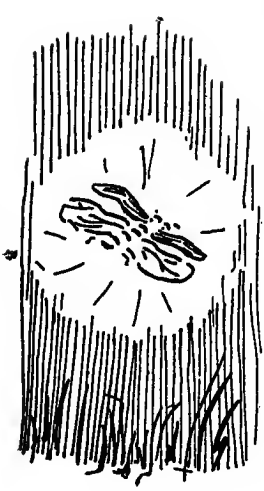
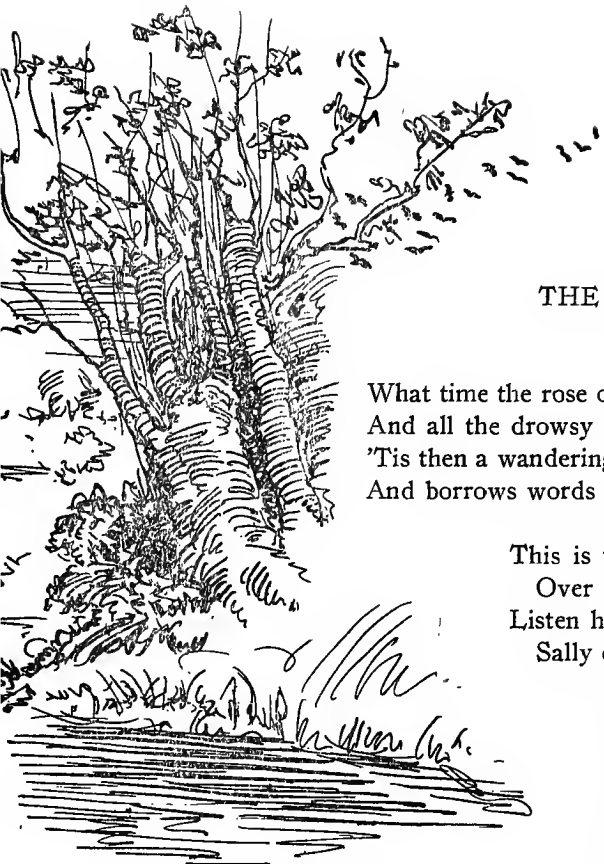


## THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A Nightingale, that all day long
Had cheered the village with her song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent.
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same power divine,
Taught you to sing and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

—*William Cowper.*





## THE ANGLER'S REVEILLE.

What time the rose of dawn is laid across the lips of night,
And all the drowsy little stars have fallen asleep in light;
'Tis then a wandering wind awakes, and runs from tree to tree,
And borrows words from all the birds to sound the reveille.

This is the carol the Robin throws
  Over the edge of the valley;
Listen how boldly it flows,
  Sally on sally:

Tirra-lirra,
Down the river,
Laughing water
All a-quiver.
Day is near,
Clear, clear.
Fish are breaking,
Time for waking.
Tup, tup, tup!
Do you hear?
All clear—
Wake up!

The phantom flood of dreams has ebbed and vanished with the dark,
And like a dove the heart forsakes the prison of the ark;
Now forth she fares through friendly woods and diamond-fields of dew,
While every voice cries out "Rejoice!" as if the world were new.

This is the ballad the Bluebird sings,
  Unto his mate replying,
Shaking the tune from his wings
  While he is flying:

    Surely, surely, surely,
      Life is dear
      Even here.
      Blue above,
      You to love,
    Purely, purely, purely.

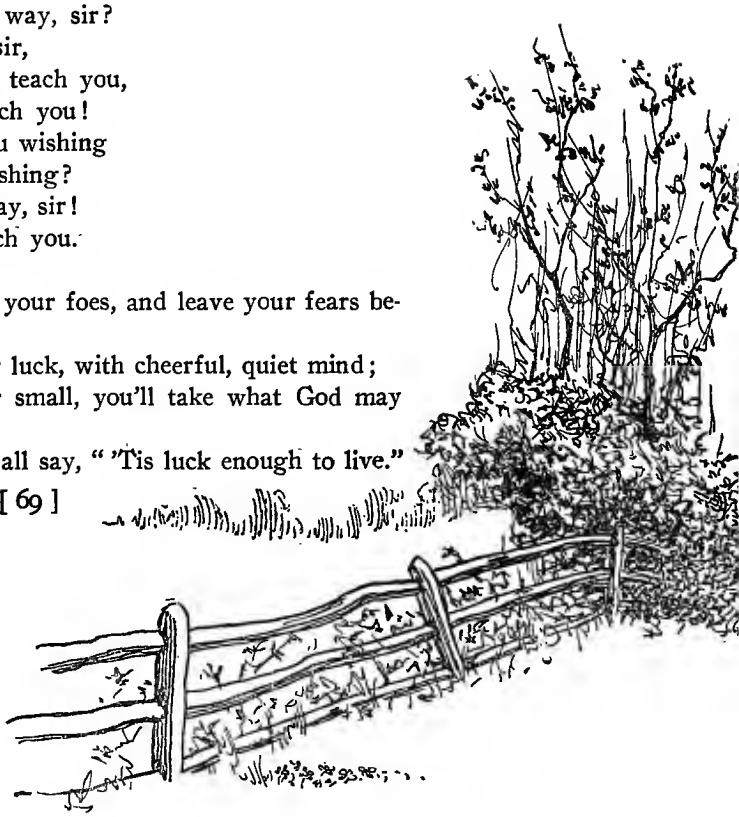
There's wild azalea on the hill, and roses down the dell,
And just one spray of lilac still abloom beside the well;
The columbine adorns the rocks, the laurel buds grow pink,
Along the stream white arums gleam, and violets bend to drink.

This is the song of the Yellowthroat,
  Fluttering gaily beside you;
Hear how each voluble note
  Offers to guide you:

    Which way, sir?
    I say, sir,
    Let me teach you,
    I beseech you!
    Are you wishing
    Jolly fishing?
    This way, sir!
    I'll teach you.

Then come, my friend, forget your foes, and leave your fears behind,
And wander forth to try your luck, with cheerful, quiet mind;
For be your fortune great or small, you'll take what God may give,
And all the day your heart shall say, " 'Tis luck enough to live."





This is the song the Brown Thrush flings,
  Out of his thicket of roses;
Hark how it warbles and rings,
  Mark how it closes:

Luck, luck,
What luck?
Good enough for me!
I'm alive, you see.
Sun shining,
No repining;
Never borrow;
Idle sorrow;
Drop it!
Cover it up!
Hold your cup!
Joy will fill it,
Don't spill it,
Steady, be ready,
Good luck!

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

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A light broke in upon my soul—
  It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased—and then it came again
  The sweetest song ear ever heard.

—*Byron.*

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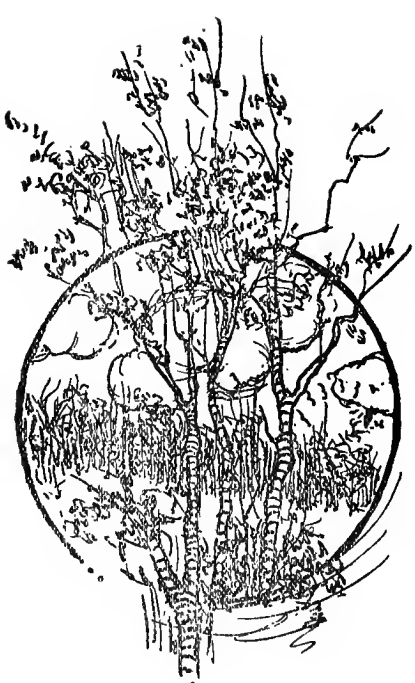
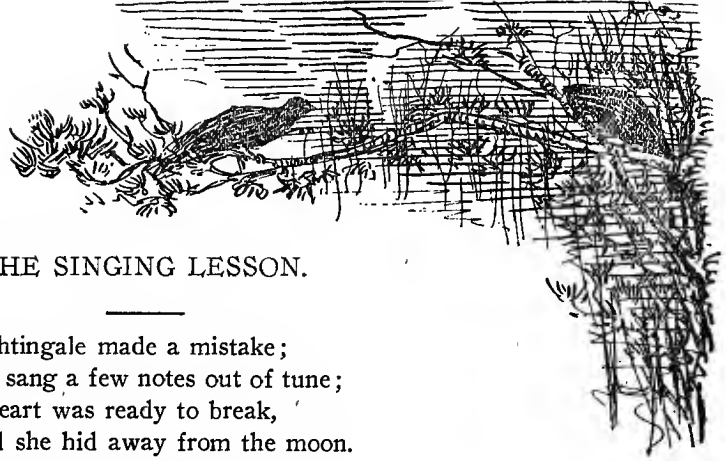


A gush of bird song, a patter of dew,
  A cloud and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—
  An April day in the morning.

—*Spofford.*



## THE SINGING LESSON.

A nightingale made a mistake;
  She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
  And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing!
  But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
  And pretended to be asleep.

"Oh, Nightingale," cooed a dove—
  "Oh, Nightingale, what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
  Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
  Like common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
  Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done,
  Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
  From such a bird as you.
Lift up your proud little crest,
  Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best—
  You need only to speak."

The Nightingale shyly took
  Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
  Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
  The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
  To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care;
  She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
  And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
  She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know;
  If you'll try to find it out.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

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## ONE THING THAT MONEY CAN NOT COMMAND.

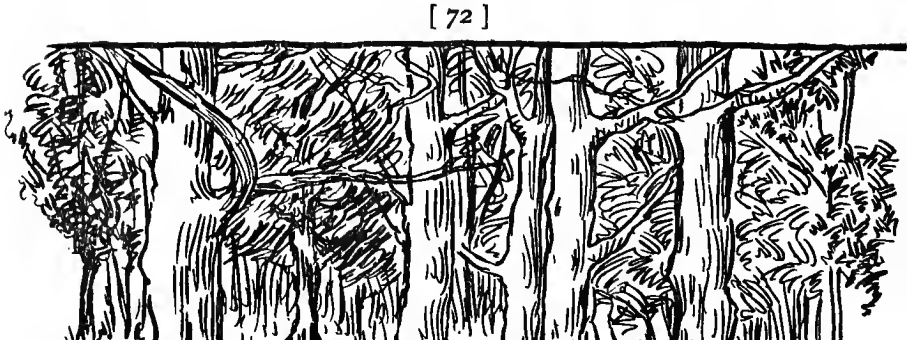
Old trees in their living state are the only things that money can not command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheaters and pyramids rise up like exhalations at its bidding. Even the free spirit of man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees.

There is a cypress tree in Lombardy said to have been standing since the time of Julius Cæsar, from which Napoleon, in making a road over the Simplon, deviated from a straight line that he might not be obliged to cut it down.

Yet, there have been many men on whose ground flourished old, magnificent trees of centuries' growth, lifted up into the air with vast breath, and full of twilight at midday—who cut down the mighty forms and cleared the ground bare; and then, when the desolation was completed, and the fierce summer sun gazed full into their faces, they bethought themselves of shade, and forthwith set out a generation of thin, shadowy sticks. Such folly is theirs who refuse the tree of life—the shadow of the Almighty—and sit instead under the feeble trees of their own planting, whose tops will never be broad enough to shield them, and whose boughs will never discourse to them the music of the air.

—*Arbor Day Manual of Texas, 1902.*





## THE MENACE OF THE FOREST.

The climatic history of the Old World will repeat itself in America. If forest destruction, at its present rate of recklessness, should continue much longer, our continent will have to dry up. But the fact remains, and its significance may be inferred from the experience of the Mediterranean coast lands, where thousands of god-gardens have been turned into Gehennas of wretchedness and desolation. By tree destruction alone a territory of 4,500,000 square miles has been withdrawn from the habitable area of our planet. The physical history of the Eastern hemisphere is the history of a desert that originated somewhere near the cradle of the Caucasian race—in Bactria, perhaps—and spreading westward and southward, has blighted the Edens of three continents like a devouring fire and is now scorching the west coast of Africa, and sending its warning sand clouds far out to seaward.

—*Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in National Magazine.*

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A gentleman once stood before an oak tree pondering deeply. Nine miles from the coast of Cornwall lay some dangerous rocks on which many a brave ship had been wrecked. Twice a lighthouse had been erected upon them, and twice destroyed. On what plan could he build a new one, which should stand firm through storm and tempest? The oak tree stands for hundreds of years; branch after branch may be broken off, but the trunk remains firm. Many other trees are torn up by the roots, but never the oak. Mr. Smeaton wondered if it was the peculiar shape, the broad base and curving waist, that made this tree so strong. He went away, and in 1759 the new Eddystone Lighthouse was built, broad at the base and sloping upwards like the trunk of the oak tree; and it stands firm to this day.

—*Mrs. Dyson.*

## THE LITTLE PLANT.

In my little garden bed
  Raked so nicely over,
First the tiny seeds I sow
  Then with soft earth cover.

Shining down, the great round sun
  Smiles upon it often;
Little raindrops pattering down,
  Help the seeds to soften.

Then the little plant awakes!
  Down the roots go creeping,
Up it lifts its little head
  Through the brown mould peeping.

High and higher still it grows
  Through the summer hours,
Till some happy day the buds
  Open into flowers.

## IN APRIL.

The poplar drops beside the way
Its tasselled plumes of silver-gray;
The chestnut pouts its great brown buds
Impatient for the laggard May.

The honeysuckles lace the wall,
The hyacinths grow fair and tall,
And mellow sun and pleasant wind
And odorous bees are over all.

—*Elizabeth Akers.*

When April, one day, was asked whether
She *could* make reliable weather,
She laughed till she cried,
And said, "Bless you, I've tried,
But the things will get mixed up together."

—*Jessie McDermott.*

---

I heard the bluebird singing
To robin in the tree.
"Cold winter now is over
And spring has come," said he;
'Tis time for flowers to rouse from sleep,
And from their downy blankets peep;
So wake, wake, little flowers,
Wake, for winter is o'er,
Wake, wake, wake,
The spring has come once more.

—*Helen C. Bacon.*

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Many fingered maple
Spreads her palms on high,
Where the merry breezes
Reach and scatter by.

"Hurry! I will catch you."
Maple shouts in glee,
While her dancing leaflets
Rustle on the tree.

---

I know, blue modest violets,
Gleaming with dew at morn—
I know the place you come from,
And the way that you are born!

When God cut holes in Heaven,
The holes the stars look through,
He let the scraps fall down to earth,—
The little scraps are you.

## MARIGOLDS.

The marigolds are nodding;
  I wonder what they know.
Go, listen very gently;
  You may persuade them so.

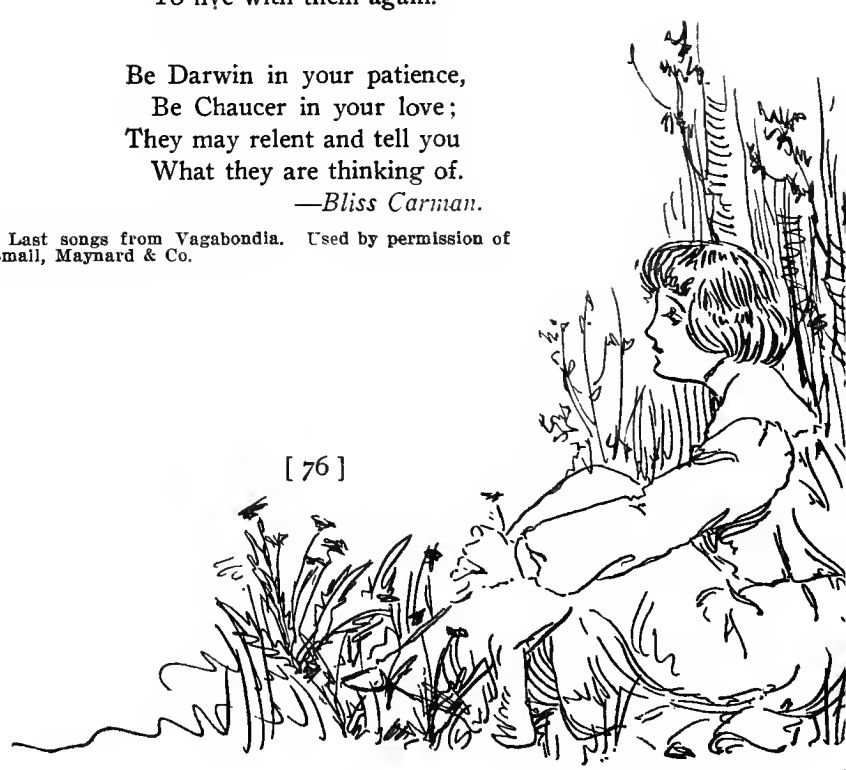
Go, be their little brother,
  As humble as the grass,
And lean upon the hill-wind
  And watch the shadows pass.

Put off the pride of knowledge,
  Put by the fear of pain;
You may be counted worthy
  To live with them again.

Be Darwin in your patience,
  Be Chaucer in your love;
They may relent and tell you
  What they are thinking of.

—*Bliss Carman.*

*From* Last songs from Vagabondia. Used by permission of Small, Maynard & Co.



## THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

E. J. Loder.
H. F. Chorley.

*Maestoso.*

1. A song for the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath ruled in the greenwood long, Here's health and re-nown to his broad green crown, And his fif - ty arms so strong. There is fear in his frown when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out; And he show - eth his might on a wild midnight, When the storms through his branches shout. Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath stood in his pride so long; And still flour - ish he, a hale green tree, When a hun - dred years are gone.

2. He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes Were a mer ry sound to hear, And the squire's wide hall, and the cot - tage small, Were full of Christmas cheer. And all the day to the re - beck gay, They carol'd with gladsome swains. They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid, But the brave tree, he still re - mains. Then

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# Flower Dances.

Hoffman von Fallersleben.
Translated by Mrs. Anderson.

Folksong.

*Andante.*

*mf*

1. In May the val - ley lil - ies ring, Their bells chime clear and sweet; They
2. Then in a trice the lil - ies play, While all to dance be - gin; The
3. Yet Frost has scarce-ly left the vale, When lil - ies far and near Call

*mf*

cry, "Come forth, ye flow - ers all, And dance with twinkling feet, And
moon looks on with friend - ly smile, And takes great joy there - in, And
quick - ly to the spring-time feast, Their bells ring dou - bly, clear, Their

dance with twin-kling feet." The blos - soms, gold and blue and white, Come
takes great joy there - in. Then sad - ly vexed is Mas - ter Frost, A -
bells ring dou - bly, clear. I'll stay no lon - ger in the house, The

quick-ly, one and all; Dear speedwell, blue for-get - me-not, And vio-lets hear the
down the vale comes he; May-lil - ies play gay tunes no more, The pret-ty blossoms
lil - ies call me, too; Sweet flow'rets, dancing out of doors, I come to dance with

call, Dear speedwell, blue for - get - me - not, And vio - lets hear the call.
flee, May - lil - ies play gay tunes no more, The pret - ty blos-soms flee.
you, Sweet flow'rets, dan-cing, out of doors, I come to dance with you.

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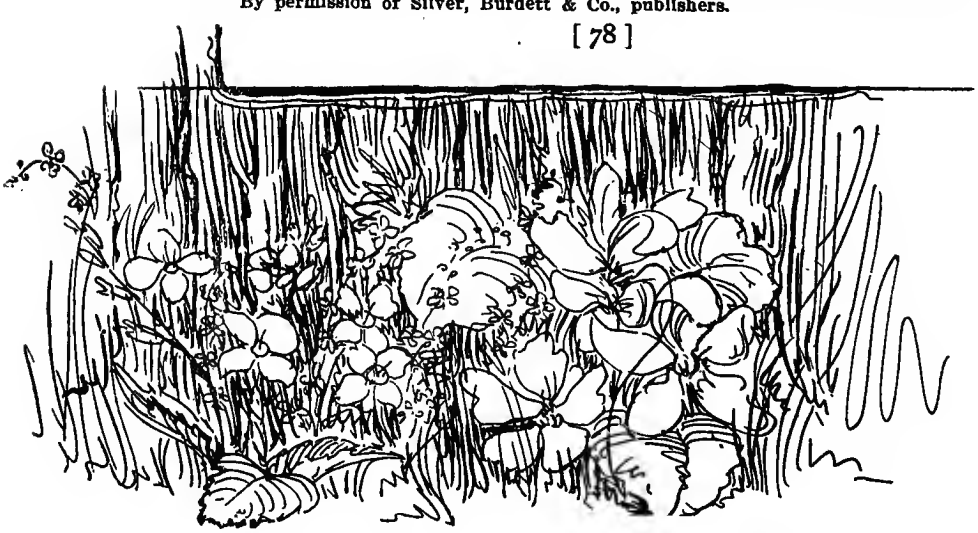
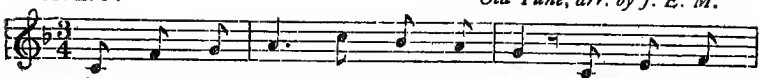
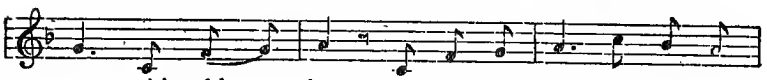


# Dandelion.

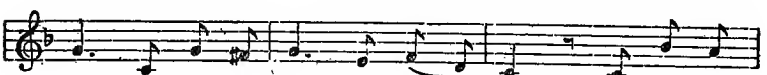
*M. L. P.* *Old Tune, arr. by J. E. M.*



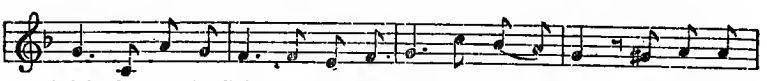
1. In ear - ly Spring There is a flow'r, A gay and
2. The days are bright, The sun shines warm, And breez - es



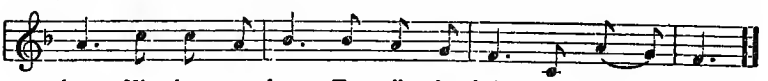
ro - guish fel - low; Who wears a coat, So green and
soft are blow - ing; But Dan - de - lion, Our Dan - de -



trim, And cap of bright - est yel low; Grace - ful and
lion, How ver - y old he's grow - ing. His cap turns



bright In morn-ing light, He nods a - mid the grass - es, And shows his
gray, Then blows a - way And falls a - mid the grass - es; An old man



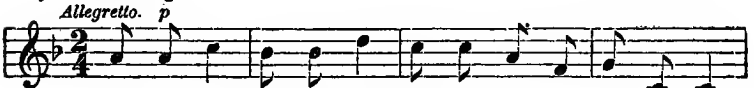
face, His hap - py face, To all the lads and las - sies.
now, He makes his bow To ev - 'ry one that pass - es.

*From* Pray's Motion Songs; copyright 1895, by Mabel L. Pray. By permission of the publishers, D. C. Heath & Company.

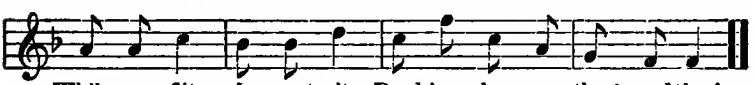
## The Butterfly.

Jennie M. Youngs. Erwin Oehme.

*Allegretto.* *p*



1. But - ter - fly, flit - ting by, Have you an - y work to do?
2. Yes, in - deed, o'er each seed I must shake the pol - len box.
3. Then, you know, I must sew Bach-elor's but-tons in a row
4. Brown-eyed Sue needs me, too, La - dy's slip - per I must tie.



While you flit, I must sit, Read-ing les - sons thro' and thro'.
Maid-en's hair needs my care, I must wind the Four - o'-clocks.
I must look in the brook, For the dew-drop pearls be - low.
Nev - er say e'en in play, I - dle is the but - ter - fly.

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